

THE
POETS
OF
GREAT BRITAIN,
IN SIXTY-ONE DOUBLE-VOLUMES.

VOL. XXXIX.

POPE, VOL. I. II.





POPE VOLUME I

Belinda snuff her downy pillow prest

Hercules in Joseph prolong'd baby rest

Rape of the Lock Once I have left

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

POPE the monarch of the tuneful train
To whom he Nature's aid Britannia's praise
All their bright honors rush into his lays
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel!
The' say as truth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as power elate,
As profound as reason, and as just as clear,
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe,
As honest, conscious, as persuasion sweet,
Like Nature various, and like Art complete,
So fine her morals as sublime her views,
His life is almost quall'd by his Muse

SAVAGE

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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1807.



THE LIFE
OF
ALEXANDER POPE,
BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 22, 1688, of parents whose rank or station was never ascertained: we are informed that they were of 'gentle blood;' that his father was of a family of which the earl of Downe was the head, and that his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esquire, of York, who had likewise three sons, one of whom had the honor of being killed, and the other of dying, in the service of Charles the First; the third was made a general officer in Spain, from whom the sister inherited what sequestrations and forfeitures had left in the family.

This, and this only, is told by Pope: who is more willing, as I have heard observed, to shew what his father was not, than what he was. It is allowed that he grew rich by trade; but whether in a shop or on the Exchange was never discovered, till Mr. Tyers told, on the authority of Mrs. Racket, that he was a linen-draper in the Strand. Both parents were papists.

Pope was from his birth of a constitution tender and delicate; but is said to have shewn remarka-

ble gentleness and sweetness of disposition. The weakness of his body continued through his life*; but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood. His voice, when he was young, was so pleasing, that he was called in fondness, ‘the little Nightingale.’

Being not sent early to school, he was taught to read by an aunt; and when he was seven or eight years old, became a lover of books. He first learned to write by imitating printed books; a species of penmanship in which he retained great excellence through his whole life, though his ordinary hand was not elegant.

When he was about eight, he was placed in Hampshire under Taverner, a Romish priest, who, by a method very rarely practised, taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He was now first regularly initiated in poetry by the perusal of *Ogilby's Homer*, and *Sandys's Ovid*. Ogilby's assistance he never repaid with any praise; but of Sandys he declared, in his notes to the *Iliad*, that English poetry owed much of its beauty to his translations. Sandys very rarely attempted original composition.

From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, he was removed to a

* This weakness was so great that he constantly wore stays, as I have been assured by a waterman at Twickenham, who, in lifting him into his boat, had often felt them. His method of taking the air on the water, was to have a sedan chair in the boat, in which he sat with the glasses down. H.

school at Twyford near Winchester, and again to another school about Hyde-park Corner; from which he used sometimes to stroll to the play-house, and was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from *Ogilby's Iliad*, with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his school-fellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated Ajax.

At the two last schools, he used to represent himself, as having lost part of what Taverner had taught him; and on his master, at Twyford, he had already exercised his poetry in a lampoon. Yet, under those masters, he translated more than a fourth part of the *Metamorphoses*. If he kept the same proportion in his other exercises, it cannot be thought that his loss was great.

He tells of himself, in his poems, that 'he lisp'd in numbers;' and used to say, that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. In the style of fiction it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that, when he lay in his cradle, 'the bees swarmed about his mouth.'

About the time of the Revolution, his father, who was undoubtedly disappointed by the sudden blast of popish prosperity, quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield in Windsor Forest, with about twenty thousand pounds; for which, being conscientiously determined not to entrust it to the government, he found no better use, than that of

locking it up in a chest, and taking from it what his expenses required, and his life was long enough to consume a great part of it, before his son came to the inheritance.

To Binfield, Pope was called by his father, when he was about twelve years old, and there he had for a few months the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of *Tully's Offices*. How Mr. Deane could spend, with a boy who had translated so much of *Ovid*, some months, over a *small part of Tully's Offices*, it is now vain to inquire.

Of a youth so successfully employed, and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired, but curiosity must be contented with confused, imperfect, and sometimes improbable intelligence. Pope, finding little advantage from external help, resolved thenceforward to direct himself, and at twelve formed a plan of study which he completed with little other incitement than the desire of excellence.

His primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performances by many revisions; after which the old gentleman, when he was satisfied, would say, 'these are good rhymes'

In his perusal of the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was

impressed with such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

Dryden died May 1, 1701, some days before Pope was twelve, so early must he therefore have felt the power of harmony, and the zeal of genius. Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?

The earliest of Pope's productions is his *Ode on Solitude*, written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performances at the same age.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. As he read the Classics, he amused himself with translating them; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of the *Thebais*, which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He must have been at this time, if he had no help, a considerable proficient in the Latin tongue.

By Dryden's Fables, which had then been not long published, and were much in the hands of poetical readers, he was tempted to try his own skill in giving Chaucer a more fashionable appearance, and put *January and May*, and the *Prologue of the Wife of Bath*, into modern English. He translated likewise the *Epistle of Sappho to Phaon*

from Ovid, to complete the version which was before imperfect; and wrote some other small pieces, which he afterwards printed.

He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written at fourteen his poem upon *Silence*, after Rochester's *Nothing*. He had now formed his versification, and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original: but this is a small part of his praise; he discovers such acquaintance both with human and public affairs, as is not easily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen in Windsor Forest.

Next year he was desirous of opening to himself new sources of knowledge, by making himself acquainted with modern languages; and removed for a time to London, that he might study French and Italian, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application soon dispatched. Of Italian learning, he does not appear to have ever made much use in his subsequent studies.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles, and many subjects. 'He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, 'thought himself the greatest genius that ever was.' Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings. He, indeed, who forms his opinion of himself in solitude, without knowing the powers of

other men, is very liable to error: but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value.

Most of his puerile productions were, by his maturer judgment, afterwards destroyed, *Alcander*, the epic poem, was burnt by the persuasion of Atterbury. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St Genevieve. Of the comedy there is no account.

Concerning his studies it is related, that he translated *Tully on Old Age*, and that, besides his books of poetry and criticism, he read *Temple's Essays* and *Locke on Human Understanding*. His reading, though his favorite authors are not known, appears to have been sufficiently extensive and multifarious, for his early pieces shew, with sufficient evidence, his knowledge of books.

He that is pleased with himself, easily imagines that he shall please others. Sir William Trumbal, who had been ambassador at Constantinople, and secretary of state, when he retired from business, fixed his residence in the neighborhood of Binfield. Pope, not yet sixteen, was introduced to the statesman of sixty, and so distinguished himself, that their interviews ended in friendship and correspondence. Pope was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance, and he seems to have wanted neither diligence nor success in attracting the notice of the great, for from his first entrance into the world, and his entrance was very early, he was admitted to fami-

similarity with those, whose rank or station made them most conspicuous.

From the age of sixteen, the life of Pope as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his Pastorals, which were shewn to the Poets and Critics of that time: as they well deserved, they were read with admiration, and many praises were bestowed upon them and upon the Preface, which is both elegant and learned in a high degree: they were, however, not published till five years afterwards.

Cowley, Milton, and Pope, are distinguished among the English poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were published in his childhood; and, therefore, of him only can it be certain, that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer studies

At this time began his acquaintance with Wycherley, a man who seems to have among his contemporaries his full share of reputation, to have been esteemed without virtue, and caressed without good-humor. Pope was proud of this notice; Wycherley wrote verses in his praise, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himself, and they agreed for a while to flatter one another. It is pleasant to remark how soon Pope learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt, though he had yet suffered nothing from them.

But the fondness of Wycherley was too violent to last. His esteem of Pope was such, that he submitted some poems to his revision, and when Pope, perhaps proud of such confidence, was sufficiently bold in his criticisms, and liberal in his alterations, the old comedian was angry to see his pages defaced. He felt more pain from the detection than from the amendment of his faults. They parted; but Pope always considered him with kindness, and visited him a little time before he died.

Another of his early correspondents was Mr. Cromwell, of whom I have learned nothing particular but that he used to ride a hunting in a tye-wig. He was fond, and perhaps vain, of amusing himself with poetry and criticism; and sometimes sent his performances to Pope, who did not forbear such remarks as were now and then unwelcome. Pope, in his turn, put the juvenile version of *Statius* into his hands for correction.

Their correspondence afforded the public its first knowledge of Pope's Epistolary Powers; for his Letters were given by Cromwell to one Mrs. Thomas; and she many years afterwards sold them to Curll, who inserted them in a volume of his *Miscellanies*.

Walsh, a name yet preserved among the minor poets, was one of his first encouragers. His regard was gained by the Pastorals, and from him Pope received the council from which he seems to

regulated his studies. Walsh advised him exactness, which, as he told him, the English had hitherto neglected, and which therefore was left to him as a basis of fame; and being delighted with rural poems, recommended him to write a pastoral comedy, like those which are read so eagerly in Italy; a design which Pope probably did not approve, as he did not know it.

Pope had now declared himself a poet; and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Wills's, a coffee-house on the north side of Russel-street, in Covent-garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside.

During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent, and insatiably curious; wanting health for violent, and money for expensive pleasures; and having excited in himself very strong desires of intellectual eminence, he spent much of his time over his books; but he read only to store his mind with facts and images, seizing all that his authors presented with undistinguishing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare one opinion or one style with another; and, when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer.

But the account given by himself of his studies was, that from fourteen to twenty he read only for amusement, from twenty to twenty-seven for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of his time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavored to judge.

The *Pastorals*, which had been for some time handed about among poets and critics, were at last printed (1709) in Tonson's *Miscellany*, in a volume which began with the *Pastorals* of Philips, and ended with those of Pope.

The same year was written the *Essay on Criticism*; a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience. It was published about two years afterwards; and, being praised by Addison in the *Spectator* with sufficient liberality, met with so much favor, as enraged Dennis, 'who,' he says, 'found himself attacked, without any manner of provocation on his side; and attacked in his person, instead of his writings, by one who was wholly a stranger to him, at a time, when all the world knew he was persecuted by fortune; and not only saw that this was attempted in a clandestine manner, with the utmost falsehood and calumny, but found that all this was done by a little affect-

and hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candor, friendship, goodness, humanity, and magnanimity.'

How the attack was clandestine is not easily perceived, nor how his person is depreciated; but he seems to have known something of Pope's character, in whom may be discovered an appetite to talk too frequently of his own virtues.

The pamphlet is such as rage might be expected to dictate. He supposes himself to be asked two questions; whether the Essay will succeed, and who or what is the author?

Its success he admits to be secured by the false opinions then prevalent; the author he concludes to be 'young and raw.'

'First, because he discovers a sufficiency beyond his last ability, and hath rashly undertaken a task infinitely beyond his force. Secondly, while this little author struts, and affects the dictatorial air, he plainly shews, that at the same time he is under the rod; and, while he pretends to give law to others, is a pedantic slave to authority and opinion. Thirdly, he hath, like school-boys, borrowed both from living and dead. Fourthly, he knows not his own mind, and frequently contradicts himself. Fifthly, he is almost perpetually in the wrong.'

All these positions he attempts to prove by quotations and remarks; but his desire to do mis-

chief is greater than his power. He has, however, justly criticised some passages in these lines :

There are whom Heaven has bless'd with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it;
For wit and judgment ever are at strife—

It is apparent that wit has two meanings, and that what is wanted, though called wit, is truly judgment. So far Dennis is undoubtedly right; but not content with argument, he will have a little mirth, and triumphs over the first couplet in terms too elegant to be forgotten. ' By the way, what ' rare numbers are here ! Would not one swear ' that this youngster had espoused some antiquated ' Muse, who had sued out a divorce on account of ' impotence from some superannuated sinner— ' and, having been p—xed by her former spouse, ' has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes ' her hobble so damnably.' This was the man who would reform a nation sinking into barbarity.

In another place, Pope himself allowed that, Dennis had detected one of those blunders which are called ' bulls ' The first edition had this line :

What is this wit—

Where wanted, scorn'd; and envied where acquir'd?

' How,' says the critic, ' can wit be scorn'd where ' it is not? Is not this a figure frequently em- ' ployed in Hibernian land? The person that ' wants this wit may indeed be scorned, but the

‘ scorn shews the honor which the contemner has
‘ for wit.’ Of this remark Pope made the proper
use, by correcting the passage.

I have preserved, I think, all that is reasonable in Dennis’s criticism ; it remains that justice be done to his delicacy. ‘ For his acquaintance
‘ (say Dennis) he names Mr. Walsh, who had by
‘ no means the qualification which this author recommends absolutely necessary to a critic ; it being very
‘ certain that he was, like this Essayer, a very indifferent poet ; he loved to be well dressed ; and
‘ I remember a little young gentleman whom
‘ Mr. Walsh used to take into his company, as a
‘ double foil to his person and capacity.—Inquire
‘ between Sunninghill and Oakingham for a young,
‘ short, squab gentleman, the very bow of the
‘ God of Love, and tell me whether he be a
‘ proper author to make personal reflections ?—
‘ He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to
‘ thank the gods that he was born a modern ; for
‘ had he been born of Grecian parents, and his
‘ father consequently had by law had the absolute
‘ disposal of him, his life had been no longer
‘ than that of one of his poems, the life of half
‘ a day.—Let the person of a gentleman of his
‘ parts be never so contemptible, his inward man
‘ is ten times more ridiculous ; it being impossible
‘ that his outward form, though it be that of
‘ downright monkey, should differ so much from
‘ human shape, as his unthinking immaterial part
‘ does from human understanding.’ Thus began

the hostility between Pope and Dennis, which, though it was suspended for a short time, never was appeased. Pope seems, at first, to have attacked him wantonly; but though he always professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Of this *Essay* Pope declared, that he did not expect the sale to be quick, because ‘not one gentleman in sixty, even of liberal education, could understand it. The gentlemen, and the education of that time, seem to have been of a lower character than they are of this. He mentioned a thousand copies as a numerous impression.

Dennis was not his only censurer; the zealous papists thought the monks treated with too much contempt, and Erasmus too studiously praised; but to these objections he had not much regard.

The *Essay* has been translated into French,—by Hamilton, author of the *Comte de Grammont*, whose version was never printed; by Robotham, secretary to the King for Hanover; and by Reanel; and commented* by Dr. Warburton, who has discovered in it such order and connexion as was not perceived by Addison, nor, as is said, intended by the author.

Almost every poem, consisting of precepts, is so far arbitrary and immethodical, that many of the paragraphs may change places with no apparent

* Rather commented on.

inconvenience; for of two or more positions, depending upon some remote and general principle, there is seldom any cogent reason, why one should precede the other. But for the order in which they stand, whatever it be, a little ingenuity may easily give a reason. 'It is possible,' says Hooker, 'that, by long circumduction, from any one truth all truth may be inferred.' Of all homogeneous truths, at least of all truths respecting the same general end, in whatever series they may be produced, a concatenation, by intermediate ideas, may be formed, such as, when it is once shewn, shall appear natural; but if this order be reversed, another mode of connexion, equally specious, may be found or made. Aristotle is praised, for naming Fortitude first of the cardinal virtues, as that, without which, no other virtue can steadily be practised; but he might, with equal propriety, have placed Prudence and Justice before it, since without Prudence Fortitude is mad; without Justice, it is mischievous.

As the end of method is perspicuity, that series is sufficiently regular, that avoids obscurity; and where there is no obscurity, it will not be difficult to discover method.

In the *Spectator* was published the *Messiah*, which he first submitted to the perusal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticisms.

It is reasonable to infer, from his Letters, that the verses on the *Unfortunate Lady* were written

about the time when his *Essay* was published. The Lady's name, and adventures, I have sought with fruitless inquiry †.

I can therefore tell no more than I have learned from Mr. Ruffhead, who writes with the confidence of one who could trust his information. She was a woman of eminent rank, and large fortune, the ward of an uncle, who, having given her a proper education, expected like other guardians that she should make at least an equal match; and such he proposed to her, but found it rejected in favor of a young gentleman of inferior condition.

Having discovered the correspondence between the two lovers, and finding the young lady determined to abide by her own choice, he supposed, that separation might do, what can rarely be done by arguments, and sent her into a foreign country, where she was obliged to converse only with those, from whom her uncle had nothing to fear.

Her lover took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance, till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she bribed a woman-servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

From this account, given with evident intention to raise the Lady's character, it does not appear

† See Gent. Mag. vol. LI. p. 314. N.

that she had any claim to praise, nor much to compassion. She seems to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable. Her uncle's power could not have lasted long, the hour of liberty and choice would have come in time. But her desires were too hot for delay, and she liked self-murder better than suspense.

Now it is discovered that the uncle, whoever he was, is with much justice delivered to posterity as 'a false Guardian,' he seems to have done only that, for which a guardian is appointed he endeavored to direct his niece, till she should be able to direct herself. Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl.

Not long after, he wrote the *Rape of the Lock*, the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions, occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether stealth or violence, was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being secretary to King James's Queen, had followed his Mistress into France, and who being the author of *Sir Solomon Single*, a comedy, and some translations, was entitled to the notice of a Wit, solicited Pope to endeavor a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring both the parties to a better

temper. In compliance with Caryl's request, though his name was for a long time marked only by the first and last letter, C—l, a poem of two cantos was written (1711), as is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended Lady, who liked it well enough to shew it: and, with the usual process of literary transactions, the author, dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it.

The event is said to have been such as was desired; the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related, except Sir George Brown, who complained with some bitterness that, in the character of Sir Plume, he was made to talk nonsense. Whether all this be true I have some doubt; for at Paris, a few years ago, a niece of Mrs. Fermor, who presided in an English Convent, mentioned Pope's work with very little gratitude, rather as an insult than an honor; and she may be supposed to have inherited the opinion of her family.

At its first appearance, it was termed by Addison 'merum sal.' Pope, however, saw that it was capable of improvement; and, having luckily contrived to borrow his machinery from the Rosicrucians, imparted the scheme with which his head was teeming to Addison, who told him that his work, as it stood, was 'a delicious little thing,' and gave him no encouragement to retouch it.

This has been too hastily considered as an instance of Addison's jealousy; for as he could not guess the conduct of the new design, or the possi-

bilities of pleasure comprised in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reasonably and kindly persuade the author to acquiesce in his own prosperity, and forbear an attempt which he considered as an unnecessary hazard.

Addison's council was happily rejected. Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery then budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art, or industry of cultivation. The soft luxuriance of his fancy was already shooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to color and embellish it.

His attempt was justified by its success. The *Rape of the Lock* stands forward, in the classes of literature, as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the display of powers more truly poetical than he had shewn before; with elegance of description and justness of precepts, he had now exhibited boundless fertility of invention.

He always considered the intermixture of the machinery with the action, as his most successful exertion of poetical art. He indeed could never afterwards produce any thing of such unexampled excellence. Those performances, which strike with wonder, are combinations of skilful genius with happy casualty; and it is not likely that any felicity, like the discovery of a new race of preternatural agents, should happen twice to the same man.

Of this poem the author was, I think, allowed to enjoy the praise for a long time without disturbance. Many years afterwards, Dennis published some remarks upon it, with very little force, and with no effect, for the opinion of the public was already settled, and it was no longer at the mercy of criticism.

About this time he published the *Temple of Fame*, which as he tells Steele in their correspondence he had written two years before, that is, when he was only twenty-two years old, an early time of life for so much learning and so much observation as that work exhibits.

On this poem Dennis afterwards published some remarks, of which the most reasonable is, that some of the lines represent Motion as exhibited by Sculpture.

Of the Epistle from *Eloisa to Abelard*, I do not know the date. His first inclination to attempt a composition of that tender kind arose, as Mr. Savage told me, from his perusal of Prior's *Nut-brown Maid*. How much he has surpassed Prior's work, it is not necessary to mention, when perhaps it may be said with justice, that he has excelled every composition of the same kind. The mixture of religious hope and resignation, gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love, which images, merely natural, cannot bestow. The gloom of a convent strikes the imagination with far greater force than the solitude of a grove.

This piece was, however, not much his favorite in his latter years, though I never heard upon what principle he slighted it.

In the next year (1713) he published *Windsor Forest*; of which part was, as he relates, written at sixteen, about the same time as his Pastorals; and the latter part was added afterwards: where the addition begins we are not told. The lines relating to the Peace confess their own date. It is dedicated to Lord Lansdowne, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories; and it is said, that the conclusion of the poem gave great pain to Addison, both as a poet and a politician. Reports, like this, are often spread with boldness very disproportionate to their evidence. Why should Addison receive any particular disturbance from the last lines of *Windsor Forest*? If contrariety of opinion could poison a politician, he would not live a day; and, as a poet, he must have felt Pope's piece of genius much more from many other parts of his works.

The pain that Addison might feel, it is not likely that he would confess; and it is certain, that he so well suppressed his discontent, that Pope, now thought himself his favorite; for, having been consulted in the revival of *Cato*, he introduced it by a Prologue; and, when Dennis published his *Remarks*, undertook not indeed to vindicate, but to revenge his friend, by a *Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis*.

There is reason to believe, that Addison gave no encouragement to this disingenuous hostility ; for says Pope, in a Letter to him, ‘ indeed your opinion, ‘ that ’tis entirely to be neglected, would be my ‘ own in my own case ; but I felt more warmth ‘ here than I did when I first saw his book against ‘ myself (though indeed in two minutes it made ‘ me heartily merry).’ Addison was not a man, on whom such cant of sensibility could make much impression. He left the pamphlet to itself, having disowned it to Dennis, and perhaps did not think Pope to have deserved much by his officiousness.

This year was printed, in the *Guardian*, the ironical comparison between the Pastoral of Philips and Pope ; a composition of art, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found. The superiority of Pope is ingeniously dissembled, and the feeble lines of Philips so skilfully preferred, that Steele, being deceived, was unwilling to print the paper, lest Pope should be offended. Addison immediately saw the writer’s design ; and, as it seems, had power enough to conceal his discovery, and to permit publication which, by making his friend Philips ridiculous, made him for ever an enemy to Pope.

It appears that about this time, Pope had a strong inclination to unite the art of Painting with that of Poetry, and put himself under the tuition of Jervas. He was near-sighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter : he tried, however,

how far he could advance, and sometimes persuaded his friends to sit. A picture of Betterton, supposed to be drawn by him, was in the possession of Lord Mansfield *: if this was taken from life, he must have begun to paint earlier ; for Betterton was now dead. Pope's ambition of this new art, produced some encomiastic verses to Jervas, which certainly shew his power as a poet ; but I have been told, that they betray his ignorance of painting.

He appears to have regarded Betterton with kindness and esteem ; and after his death published, under his name, a version into modern English of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales, which, as was related by Mr. Harte, were believed to have been the performance of Pope himself by Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five pounds, if he would shew them in the hand of Betterton.

The next year (1713) produced a bolder attempt, by which profit was sought as well as praise. The poems which he had hitherto written, however they might have diffused his name, had made very little addition to his fortune. The allowance which his father made him, though proportioned to what he had, it might be liberal, could not be large ; his religion hindered him from the occupation of any civil employment ; and he complained, that he wanted even money to buy books †.

He therefore resolved to try, how far the favor

* It is still at Caen Wood. N

† spence.

of the public extended, by soliciting a subscription to a version of the *Iliad*, with large notes.

The first print by subscription was, for some time, a peculiar to the English. The first considerable work, for which this expedient was employed, is said to have been Dryden's *Virgil**; and it had been tried again with great success when the *Tatlers* were collected into volumes.

There was reason to believe that Pope's attempt would be successful. He was in the full bloom of reputation, and was personally known to almost all whom dignity of employment or splendor of reputation had made eminent; he conversed indifferently with both parties, and never disturbed the public with his political opinions; and it might be naturally expected, as each faction then boasted its literary zeal, that the great men, who on other occasions practised all the violence of opposition, would emulate each other in their encouragement of a poet who delighted all, and by whom none had been offended.

With those hopes, he published his *English Iliad* to subscribers, in six volumes, for six guineas; a sum, according to the value of money at that time, by no means inconsiderable, and greater than I believe to have been ever asked before. His proposal, however, was very favorably received;

* Earlier than this, viz. in 1688, Milton's *Paradise Lost* had been published with great success by subscription, in folio, under the patronage of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Sommers. R.

and the patrons of literature were busy to recommend his undertaking, and promote his interest, Lord Oxford, indeed, lamented that such a ~~manuscript~~ should be wasted upon a work not originally proposed no means by which he might live by it. Addison recommended caution and moderation, and advised him not to be content with the praise of half the nation, when he might be universally favored.

The greatness of the design, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness; but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor on condition of supplying, at his own expence, ~~the~~ copies which were to be delivered to subscribers, or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume.

Of the ~~Quartos~~ was, I believe, stipulated that none should ~~be~~ but for the author, that the subscription ~~was~~ depreciated; but Lintot impressed the ~~same~~ pages upon a small Folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly at half the price, for half-a-guinea each volume, books so little inferior to the Quartos, that by a fraud of trade, those Folios, being afterwards shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, were sold as copies printed for the subscribers.

Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal

paper in Folio, for two guineas a volume ; of the small Folio, having printed seventeen hundred and fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thousand.

It is unpleasant to relate that the bookseller, after all his hopes and all his liberality, was, by a very unjust and illegal action, defrauded of his profit. An edition of the English *Iliad* was printed in Holland in Duodecimo, and imported clandestinely for the gratification of those who were impatient to read what they could not yet afford to buy. This fraud could only be counteracted, by an edition equally cheap and more commodious ; and Lintot was compelled to contract his Folio at once into a Duodecimo, and lose the advantage of an intermediate gradation. The notes, which in the Dutch copies were placed at the end of each book, as they had been in the large volumes, were now subjoined to the text in the same page, and are therefore more easily consulted. Of this edition, two thousand five hundred were printed, and five thousand a few weeks afterwards ; but indeed great numbers were necessary to produce considerable profit.

Pope, having now emitted his proposals, and engaged not only his own reputation, but, in some degree, that of his friends who patronised his subscription, began to be frighted at his own undertaking ; and finding himself at first embarrassed with difficulties, which retarded and oppressed him,

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he was for a time timorous and uneasy ; had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wished, as he said, ' that some-body would hang him *.'

This misery, however, was not of long continuance ; he grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's images and expressions, and practice increased his facility of versification. In a short time he represents himself as dispatching regularly fifty verses a-day, which would shew him by an easy computation the termination of his labor.

His own diffidence was not his only vexation. He that asks a subscription soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him, defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor ; and he that wishes to save his money conceals his avarice by his malice. Addison had hinted his suspicion, that Pope was too much a Tory ; and some of the Tories suspected his principles because he had contributed to the *Guardian*, which was carried on by Steele.

To those who considered his politics, were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition ; but, in one of his Letters, escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life of which much

* Spence.

seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient he sought assistance ; and what man of learning would refuse to help him ? Minute inquiries into the force of words, are less necessary in translating Homer than other poets ; because his positions are general, and his representations natural, with very little dependence on local or temporary customs, on those changeable scenes of artificial life, which, by mingling original with accidental notions, and crowding the mind with images which time effaces, produces ambiguity in diction, and obscurity in books. To this open display of unadulterated nature it must be ascribed, that Homer has fewer passages of doubtful meaning, than any other poet, either in the learned or in modern languages. I have read of a man, who being, by his ignorance of Greek, compelled to gratify his curiosity with the Latin, printed on the opposite page, declared that, from the rude simplicity of the lines literally rendered, he formed nobler ideas of the Homeric majesty, than from the labored elegance of polished versions.

Those literal translations were always at hand, and from them he could easily obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty ; and, among the readers of Homer, the number is very small of those who find much in the Greek, more than in the Latin, except the music of the numbers.

If more help was wanting, he had the poetical

translation of *Eobanus Hessus*, an unwearied writer of Latin verses, he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman, whose work, though now totally neglected, seems to have been popular almost to the end of the last century, he had very frequent consultations, and, perhaps, never translated any passage till he had read his version, which, indeed, he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original.

Notes were likewise to be provided; for the six volumes would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them. What the mere perusal of the text could suggest, Pope wanted no assistance to collect or methodize; but more was necessary; many pages were to be filled, and learning must supply materials to wit and judgment. Something might be gathered from Dacier; but no man loves to be indebted to his contemporaries, and Dacier was accessible to common readers. Eustathius was therefore necessarily consulted. To read Eustathius, of whose work there was then no Latin version, I suspect Pope, if he had been willing, not to have been able; some other was therefore to be found, who had leisure as well as abilities; and he was doubtless most readily employed who would do much work for little money.

The history of the notes has never been traced. Broome, in his preface to his poems, declares himself the commentator 'in part upon the *Iliad*;

and it appears from Fenton's Letter, preserved in the Museum, that Broome was at first engaged consulting Eustathius ; but that after a time, whatever was the reason, he desisted ; another man of Cambridge was then employed, who soon grew weary of the work ; and a third, that was recommended by Thirlby, is now discovered to have been Jortin, a man since well known to the learned world ; who complained that Pope, having accepted and approved his performance, never testified any curiosity to see him, and who professed to have forgotten the terms on which he worked. The terms which Fenton uses are very mercantile :
 ' I think, at first sight, that his performance is very
 ' commendable, and have sent word for him to finish the 17th book, and to send it with his demands for his trouble. I have here enclosed the
 ' specimen ; if the rest come before the return, I
 ' will keep them till I receive your order.'

Broome then offered his service a second time, which was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence. Parnell contributed the Life of Homer, which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in correcting it ; and by his own diligence, with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the *Iliad*, with the notes. He began it in 1712, his twenty-fifth year ; and concluded it in 1718, his thirtieth year.

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we find him translating fifty lines a day, it is natural to suppose that he would have brought his work to a more speedy conclusion. The *Iliad*, containing less than sixteen thousand verses, might have been dispatched in less than three hundred and twenty days by fifty verses in a day. The notes, compiled with the assistance of his mercenaries, could not be supposed to require more time than the text. According to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose, that as much as has been done to-day may be done to-morrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps, no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs against Time, has an antagonist not subject to casualties.

The encouragement given to this translation, though report seems to have over-rated it, was such as the world has not often seen. The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five. The copies for which subscriptions were given, were five hundred and fifty-four; and only six hundred

and sixty were printed. For those copies, Pope had nothing to pay ; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thousand three hundred and twenty pounds four shillings, without deduction, as the books were supplied by Lintot.

By the success of his subscription, Pope was relieved from those pecuniary distresses, with which notwithstanding his popularity, he had hitherto struggled. Lord Oxford had often lamented his disqualification for public employment, but never proposed a pension. While the translation of *Homer* was in its progress, Mr. Craggs, then secretary of state, offered to procure him a pension, which, at least during his ministry, might be enjoyed with secrecy. This was not accepted by Pope, who told him, however, that if he should be pressed with want of money, he would send to him for occasional supplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never solicited for money by Pope, who disdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want, by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a-year, payable to Pope, which doubtless his translation enabled him to purchase.

It cannot be unwelcome to literary curiosity, that I deduce thus minutely the history of the

English *Iliad*. It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen; and its publication must therefore be considered, as one of the great events in the annals of Learning.

To those who have skill to estimate the excellence and difficulty of this great work, it must be very desirable to know how it was performed, and by what gradations it advanced to correctness. Of this an intellectual process, the knowledge has very rarely been attainable; but happily there remains the original copy of the *Iliad*, which, being obtained by Bolingbroke as a curiosity, descended from him to Mallet, and is now by the solicitation of the late Dr. Maty repositied in the Museum.

Between this manuscript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper, and the printed edition, there must have been an intermediate copy, that was perhaps destroyed as it returned from the press.

From the first copy I have procured a few transcripts, and shall exhibit first the printed lines; then, in a small print, those of the manuscripts, with all their variations. Those words in the small print which are given in Italian, are cancelled in the copy, and the words placed under them adopted in their stead.

The beginning of the first book stands thus :

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess, sing,
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.

The stern Pelides' rage, O Goddess, sing,
wrath
Of all the woes of Greece the fatal spring,
Grecian
That strew'd with warriors dead the Phrygian plain,
heroes
And peopled the dark hell with heroes slain;
fill'd the shady hell with chiefs untimely

Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore,
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove ;
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Whose limbs, unburied on the hostile shore,
Devouring dogs and greedy vultures tore,
Since first *Atrides* and *Achilles* strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Declare, O Muse, in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended Power ?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead ;
The king of men his reverend priest defy'd,
And for the King's offence the people dy'd.

**Declare, O Goddess, what offended Power
Enflam'd their rage, in that ill' omen'd hour ;**
anger fatal, hapless
Phœbus himself the dire debate procur'd,
fierce
T' avenge the wrongs his injur'd priest endur'd ;
For this the God a dire infection spread,
And heap'd the camp with millions of the dead:
The King of Men the Sacred Sire defy'd,
And for the King's offence the people dy'd.

For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the Vic'tors chain;
Suppliant the venerable Father stands,
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands;
By these he begs, and, lowly bending down,
Extends the sceptre and the laurel crown.

For Chryses sought by ~~present~~ *to regain*
 costly gifts to gain
 His captive daughter from the Victor's chain,
 Suppliant the venerable father stands,
 Apollo's awful ensigns grac'd his hands.
 By these he begs and, lowly bending down,
 The golden sceptre and the laurel crown,
 Presents the sceptre
 For these as *ensigns of his God he bare,*
 The God that sends the golden shafts afar;
 Then low on earth, the venerable man,
 Suppliant before the brother kings began

Hesued to all, but chief implor'd for grace,
 The brother kings of Atreus' royal race;
 Ye kings and warriors, may your vows be crown'd,
 And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground;
 May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er,
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

To all he sued, but chief implor'd for grace
 The brother kings of Atreus' royal race
 Ye sons of Atreus, may your vows be crown'd,
 Kings and warriors
 Your labors, by the Gods be all your labors crown'd,
 So may the Gods your arms with conquest bless,
 And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground,
 I'll *loud*
 And crown you labors with desert success,
 May Jove restore you, when your toils are o'er
 Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.

But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
 And give Chryseis to these arms again;
 If mercy fail, yet let my present move,
 And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

But oh! relieve a hapless parent's pain,
 And give my daughter to these arms again
 Receive my gifts, if mercy fails, yet let my present move,
 And fear the God that deals his darts around
 avenging Ixibus, son of Jove

The Greeks, in shouts, their joint assent declare
 The priest to reverence, and release the fair

Not so Atrides, ~~he~~ with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the ~~sacred~~ Sire, and thus reply'd.

He said, the Greeks ^{their} joint assent declare,
The father said, the gen'rous Greeks relent,
T' accept the ransom, and release the fair :
Revere the priest, and speak their joint assent:
Not so ~~the~~ ^{Atrides,} tyrant, he, with kingly pride,
Repuls'd the ~~sacred~~ Sire, and thus reply'd.
[Not so the tyrant. *Dryden.*]

Of these lines, and of the whole first book, I am told that there was yet a former copy, more varied, and more deformed with interlineations.

The beginning of the second book varies very little from the printed page, and is therefore set down without any parallel; the few differences do not require to be elaborately displayed.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye;
Stretch'd in their tents the Grecian leaders lie;
Th' Immortals slumber'd on their thrones above,
All but the ever-watchful eye of Jove.
'To honor Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war.
Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,
And thus *commands* the vision of the night;
^{directs}
Fly hence, delusive dream, and, light as air,
'To Agamemnon's royal tent repair;
Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
March all his legions to the dusty plain.
Now tell the King 'tis given him to destroy
Declare ev'n now
'The lofty walls of wide-extended Troy;
^{tow'rs}

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her *rage*, and warms with all her fires ;
force,
O'er all the Greeks decrees his fame to raise,
Above the Greeks *her warrior's* fame to raise,
his deathless
And crown her hero with *immortal* praise :
distinguish'd

*Bright from his beamy crest the lightnings play,
High on his helm
From his broad buckler flash'd the living ray,
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray,
The Goddess with her breath the flame supplies,
Bright as the star whose fires in Autumn rise;
Her breath divine thick streaming flames supplies,
Bright as the star that fires th' autumnal skies:
'Tis the unweary'd blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies:*

When first he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And bath'd in ocean shoots a keener light,
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd ;
Onward she drives him furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And gilds old Ocean with a blaze of light,
Bright as the star that fires th' autumnal skies,
Fresh from the deep, and gilds the seas and skies.
Such glories Pallas on her chief bestow'd,
Such sparkling rays from his bright armour flow'd,
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd ;
Onward she drives him *he idling* to engage,
furious
Where the *war bleeds*, and where the *fiercest* rage.
fight burns, *thickest*

The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault ;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred ;

There liv'd a Trojan—Dares was his name,
 The priest of Vulcan, rich, yet void of blame,
 The sons of Dares first the comb it sought,
 A worthy priest, but rich without a fault.

Conclusion of Book VIII. v. 687.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
 When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales—the rocks, in prospect use,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
 The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
 The long reflection of the distant fires
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires:
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field;
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
 Whose umber'd arms by fits thick flashes send;
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
 And silent warriors wait the rising morn.

As when in stillness of the silent night,
 As when the moon in all her lustre bright,
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er heaven's clear azure sheds her silver light
 pure spreads sacred

As still in air the trembling lustre stood,
 And 'er its gold and bold light shot a flood,
 When no loose note disturbs the deep serene,
 not a breath

And no dim cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
 not a

Around her silver throne the planets glow,
And stars unnumber'd trembling beams bestow;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole:
Clear gleams of light o'er the dark trees are seen,
O'er the dark trees a yellow sheds,
O'er the dark trees a yellower green they shed,
gleam
verdure
And tip with silver all the mountain heads
forest
And tip with silver every mountain's head.
The vales open, and the forests rise,
The vales appear, the rocks in prospect rise,
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
All nature stands reveal'd before our eyes;
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.
The conscious shepherd, joyful at the sight,
Eyes the blue vault, and numbers every light.
The conscious swains, rejoicing at the sight
shepherds,azing with delight
in the blue vault, and bless the mild light,
glorious
useful
So many flames before the navy blaze,
proud lion
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays,
Wide o'er the fields to Troy extend the gleams,
And tip the distant spires with fainter beams,
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gild the high walls, and tremble on the spires -
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires;
A thousand fires at distant stations bright,
Gild the dark prospect, and dispel the night.

Of these specimens every man who has cultivated poetry, or who delights to trace the mind from the rudeness of its first conceptions to the elegance of its last, will naturally desire a greater number; but most other readers are already tired, and I am not writing only to poets and philosophers.

The *Iliad* was published volume by volume, as the translation proceeded; the four first books appeared in 1715. The expectation of this work was undoubtedly high, and every man who had connected his name with criticism, or poetry, was desirous of such intelligence as might enable him to talk upon the popular topic. Halifax, who, by having been first a poet, and then a patron of poetry, had acquired the right of being a judge, was willing to hear some books while they were yet unpublished. Of this rehearsal Pope afterwards gave the following account*.

‘ The famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste than really possessed of it—When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the *Iliad*, that Lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house—Addison, Congreve, and Garth were there at the reading. In four or five places, Lord Halifax stopt me very civilly, and with a speech each time much of the same kind, “ I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure.—I am sure you can give it a little turn.”—I returned from Lord Halifax’s with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and, as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my

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‘ Lord had laid me under a great deal of difficulty
‘ by such loose and general observations ; that I
‘ had been thinking over the passages almost ever
‘ since, and could not guess at what it was that
‘ offended his Lordship in either of them. Garth
‘ laughed heartily at my embarrassment ; said, I
‘ had not been long enough acquainted with Lord
‘ Halifax to know his way yet ; that I need not
‘ puzzle myself about looking those places over
‘ and over when I got home. “ All you need do
‘ (says he) is to leave them just as they are ; call
‘ on Lord Halifax, two or three months hence,
‘ thank him for his kind observations on those pas-
‘ sages, and then read them to him as altered. I
‘ have known him much longer than you have,
‘ and will be answerable for the event.” I fol-
‘ lowed his advice ; waited on Lord Halifax some
‘ time after : said, I hoped he would find his ob-
‘ jections to those passages removed ; read them to
‘ him exactly as they were at first ; and his Lord-
‘ ship was extremely pleased with them, and cried
‘ out, “ Ay, now they are perfectly right : nothing
‘ can be better.”

It is seldom that the great or the wise suspect that they are despised or cheated. Halifax, thinking this a lucky opportunity of securing immortality, made some advances of favor and some overtures of advantage to Pope, which he seems to have received with sullen coldness. All our knowledge of this transaction is derived from a

single Letter (Dec. 1, 1714), in which Pope says, 'I am obliged to you, both for the favors you have done me, and those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if I ever become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but, if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am) yours, &c.'

These voluntary offers, and this faint acceptance, ended without effect. The patron was not accustomed to such feigned gratitude; and the poet fed his own pride with the dignity of independence. They probably were suspicious of each other. Pope would not dedicate till he saw at what rate his praise was valued; he would be 'troublesome out of gratitude, not expectation.' Halifax thought himself entitled to confidence; and would give nothing, unless he knew what he should receive. Their commerce had its beginning in hope of praise on one side, and of money on the other,

and ended because Pope was less eager of money than Halifax of praise. It is not likely that Halifax had any personal benevolence to Pope ; it is evident that Pope looked on Halifax with scorn and hatred.

The reputation of this great work failed of gaining him a patren ;—but it deprived him of a friend. Addison and he were now at the head of poetry and criticism ; and both in such a state of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman state, one could no longer bear an equal, nor the other a superior. Of the gradual abatement of kindness between friends, the beginning is often scarcely discernible by themselves, and the process is continued by petty provocations, and incivilities sometimes pceevishly returned, and sometimes contemptuously neglected, which would escape all attention but that of pride, and drop from any memory but that of resentment. That the quarrel of these two wits should be minutely deduced, is not to be expected from a writer to whom, as Homer says, ‘ nothing but rumor has ‘ reached, and who has no personal knowledge.’

Pope doubtless approached Addison, when the reputation of their wit first brought them together, with the respect due to a man whose abilities were acknowledged, and who, having attained that eminence to which he was himself aspiring, had in his hands the distribution of literary fame. He paid court with sufficient diligence by his Prologue

to ~~Care~~ by his abuse of Dennis, and with praise yet ~~more direct~~, by his poem on the *Dialogues on Medals*, of which the immediate publication was then intended. In all this there was no hypocrisy ; for he confessed that he found in Addison something more pleasing than in any other man.

It may be supposed, that as Pope saw himself favored by the world, and more frequently compared his own powers with those of others, his confidence increased, and his submission lessened ; and that Addison felt no delight from the advances of a young wit, who might soon contend with him for the highest place. Every great man, of whatever kind be his greatness, has among his friends those who officiously, or insidiously, quicken his attention to offences, heighten his disgust, and stimulate his resentment. Of such adherents Addison doubtless had many ; and Pope was now too high to be without them.

From the emission and reception of the Proposals for the *Iliad*, the kindness of Addison seems to have abated. Jervas the painter once pleased himself (Aug. 20, 1714) with imagining that he had re-established their friendship ; and wrote to Pope that Addison once suspected him of too close a confederacy with Swift, but was now satisfied with his conduct. To this Pope answered, a week after, that his engagements to Swift were such as his services in regard to the subscription demanded, and that the Tories never put him under the ne-

cessity of asking leave to be grateful. ‘But,’ says he ‘as Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and seems to have no very just one in regard to me, so I must own to you I expect nothing but civility from him.’ In the same Letter he mentions Philips, as having been busy to kindle animosity between them ; but, in a Letter to Addison, he expresses some consciousness of behavior, inattentively deficient in respect.

Of Swift’s industry in promoting the subscription there remains the testimony of Kennet, no friend to either him or Pope.

‘Nov. 2, 1713, Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from every body but me, who, I confess, could not but despise him. When I came to the antichamber to wait, before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests.— Then he instructed a young nobleman that the *best Poet in England* was Mr. Pope (a papist) who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which *he must have them all subscribe* ; for, says he, the author *shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.*’

About this time it is likely that Steele, who was with all his political fury, good-natured and officious, procured an interview between these angry rivals, which ended in aggravated malevolence. On this occasion, if the reports be true, Pope made his complaint with frankness and spirit, as a

man undeservedly neglected or opposed ; and Addison affected a contemptuous unconcern, and, in a calm even voice, reproached Pope with his vanity, and, telling him of the improvements which his early works had received from his own remarks and those of Steele ; said, that he, being now engaged in public business, had no longer any care for his poetical reputation ; nor had any other desire, with regard to Pope, than that he should not, by too much arrogance, alienate the public.

To this Pope is said, to have replied with great keenness and severity, upbraiding Addison with perpetual dependance, and with the abuse of those qualifications which he had obtained at the public cost, and charging him with mean endeavors to obstruct the progress of rising merit. The contest rose so high, that they parted at last without any interchange of civility.

The first volume of *Homer* was (1715) in time published ; and a rival version of the first *Iliad*, for rivals the time of their appearance inevitably made them, was immediately printed, with the name of Tickell. It was soon perceived that, among the followers of Addison, Tickell had the preference, and the critics and poets divided into factions. ‘ I,’ says Pope, ‘ have the town, that is, the mob, on my side ; but it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers.—I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and while they are not inclined to con-

'denn me, shall not fear the high-flyers at Button's.' This opposition he immediately imputed to Addison, and complained of it in terms sufficiently resentful to Craggs, their common friend.

When Addison's opinion was asked, he declared the versions to be both good, but Tickell's the best that had ever been written; and sometimes said, that they were both good, but that Tickell had more of *Homer*.

Pope was now sufficiently irritated; his reputation and his interest were at hazard. He once intended to print together the four versions of Dryden, Maynwaring, Pope, and Tickell, that they might be readily compared, and fairly estimated. This design seems to have been defeated, by the refusal of Tonson, who was the proprietor of the other three versions.

Pope intended at another time, a rigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, and had marked a copy, which I have seen, in all places that appeared defective. But while he was thus meditating defence or revenge, his adversary sunk before him without a blow; the voice of the public were not long divided, and the preference was universally given to Pope's performance.

He was convinced, by adding one circumstance to another, that the other translation was the work of Addison himself; but if he knew it in Addison's life-time, it does not appear that he told it. He left his illustrious antagonist to be punished by

what has been considered as the most painful of all reflections, the remembrance of a crime perpetrated in vain.

The other circumstances of their quarrel were thus related by Pope *.

' Philips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses and conversations : and Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavor to be well with Mr. Addison ; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us ; and, to convince me of what he had said, assured me, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a Letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behavior of his ; that if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way ; that I should rather tell him, himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities ; and that it should be something in the following manner : I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after †.'

* Spence.

† See however the Life of Addison in the Biographia Britannica, last edit. R.

The verses on Addison, when they were sent to Atterbury, were considered by him as the most excellent of Pope's performances; and the writer was advised, since he knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed.

This year (1715) being, by the subscription, enabled to live more by choice, having persuaded his father to sell their estate at Binfield, he purchased I think only for his life, that house at Twickenham to which his residence afterwards procured so much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother.

Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verses mention; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossile bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto; a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavored to persuade his friends and himself that cares and passions should be excluded.

A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden, and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage. It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous

and children, whether it be that men conscious of great reputation think themselves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgence; or that mankind expect from elevated genius an uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with malicious wonder; like him who, having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, should lament that she ever descended to a perch.

While the volumes of his *Homer* were annually published, he collected his former works, (1717) into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a Preface, written with great sprightliness and elegance, which was afterwards reprinted, with some passages subjoined that he at first omitted; other marginal additions of the same kind he made in the later editions of his poems. Waller remarks, that poets lose half their praise, because the reader knows not what they have blotted. Pope's voracity of fame taught him the art of obtaining the accumulated honor both of what he had published, and of what he had suppressed.

In this year his father died suddenly, in his seventy-fifth year, having passed twenty-nine years in privacy. He is not known but by the character which his son has given him. If the money with which he retired was all gotten by himself, he had traded very successfully in times when sudden riches were rarely attainable.

The publication of the *Iliad* was at last com-

pleted in 1720. The splendor and success of this work raised Pope many enemies, that endeavored to depreciate his abilities. Burnet, who was afterwards a judge of no mean reputation, censured him in a piece called *Homericides* before it was published. Duckett likewise endeavored to make him ridiculous. Dennis was the perpetual persecutor of all his studies. But, whoever his critics were, their writings are lost; and the names which are preserved, are preserved in the *Dunciad*.

In this disastrous year (1720) of national infatuation, when more riches than Peru can boast were expected from the South Sea, when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was seized with the universal passion, and ventured some of his money. The stock rose in its price; and for a while he thought himself the lord of thousands. But this dream of happiness did not last long; and he seems to have waked soon enough to get clear with the loss of what he once thought himself to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that.

Next year he published some select poems of his friend Dr. Parnell, with a very elegant Dedication to the Earl of Oxford; who, after all his struggles and dangers, then lived in retirement, still under the frown of a victorious faction, who could take no pleasure in hearing his praise.

He gave the same year (1721) an edition of *Shakspeare*. His name was now of so much au-

thority, that Tonson thought himself entitled, by appointment, to demand a subscription of six guineas for Shakspeare's plays in six quarto volumes; nor did his expectation much deceive him, for of seven hundred and fifty which he printed, he dispersed a great number at the price proposed. The reputation of that edition indeed sunk afterwards so low, that one hundred and forty copies were sold at sixteen shillings each.

On this undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected afterwards without vexation, for Theobald, ~~a man~~ of heavy diligence, with slender powers, first, in a book called *Shakspeare Restored*, and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory, and as he was now high enough to be feared and hated, Theobald had from others all the help that could be supplied, by the desire of humbling a mighty character.

From this time, Pope became an enemy to editors, collaters, commentators, and verbal critics; and hoped to persuade the world, that he miscarried in this undertaking, only by having a mind too great for such minute employment.

Pope in his edition undoubtedly did many things wrong, and left many things undone, but let him not be defrauded of his due praise. He was the first that knew, at least the first that told, by what helps the text might be improved. If he inspected

the early editions negligently, he taught others to be more accurate. In his Preface, he expanded with great skill and elegance the character which had been given of Shakspeare by Dryden; and he drew the public attention upon his works, which, though often mentioned, had been little read.

Soon after the appearance of the *Iliad*, resolving not to let the general kindness cool, he published proposals for a translation of the *Odyssey*, in five volumes, for five guineas. He was willing however, now to have associates in his labor, being either weary with toiling upon another's thoughts, or having heard, as Ruffhead relates, that Fenton and Broome had already begun the work, and liking better to have them confederates than rivals.

In the patent, instead of saying that he had translated the *Odyssey* as he had said of the *Iliad*, he says that he had 'undertaken' a translation: and in the proposals, the subscription is said to be not solely for his own use, but for that of 'two of his friends who have assisted him in this work.'

In 1723, while he was engaged in this new version, he appeared before the Lords at the memorable trial of Bishop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity, and frequent correspondence. Atterbury had honestly recommended to him the study of the popish controversy, in hope of his conversion; to which Pope answered in a manner that cannot much recommend his principles or his judgment. In questions and projects of

learning they agreed better. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domestic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in those few he made several blunders.

His Letters to Atterbury express the utmost esteem, tenderness, and gratitude: 'perhaps,' says he, 'it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester.' At their last interview in the Tower, Atterbury presented him with a Bible.

Of the *Odyssey* Pope translated only twelve books, the rest were the work of Broome and Fenton: the notes were written wholly by Broome, who was not overliberally rewarded. The public was carefully kept ignorant of the several shares; and an account was subjoined at the conclusion, which is now known not to be true.

The first copy of Pope's books, with those of Fenton, are to be seen in the Museum. The parts of Pope are less interlined than the *Iliad*, and the latter books of the *Iliad* less than the former. He grew dexterous by practice, and every sheet enabled him to write the next with more facility. The books of Fenton have very few alterations by the hand of Pope. Those of Broome have not been found, but Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them.

His contract with Lintot was the same as for

the *Iliad*, except that only one hundred pounds were to be paid him for each volume. The number of subscribers were five hundred and seventy-four, and of copies eight hundred and nineteen; so that his profit, when he had paid his assistants, was still very considerable. The work was finished in 1725; and from that time he resolved to make no more translations.

The sale did not answer Lintot's expectation; and he then pretended to discover something of fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in Chancery.

On the English ~~Odes~~ a criticism was published by Spranger, at that time Prelector of Poetry at Oxford; a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful. His criticism, however, was commonly just; what he thought, he thought rightly; and his remarks were recommended by his coolness and candor. In him Pope had the first experience of a critic without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to display beauties as expose faults; who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity.

With this criticism Pope was so little offended that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity attended him in his last hours, and compiled memorials of his conversation. The regard of Pope recommended him to the great and powerful; and he obtained very valuable preferments in the Church.

Not long after, Pope was returning home from a visit to his friend's coach, which, in passing a bridge, was hurled into the water; the windows were closed, and being unable to force them open, he was in danger of immediate death, when the postmen rescued him out by breaking the glass, of which the fragments cut two of his fingers in such a manner, that he lost their use.

Voltaire who was then in England, sent him a Letter of Consolation. He had been entertained by Pope at his table, where he talked with so much grossness, that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room. Pope discovered, by a trick, that he was a spy for the Court, and never considered him as a man worthy of confidence.

He soon afterwards (1727) joined with Swift, who was then in England, to publish three volumes of *Miscellanies*, in which amongst other things he inserted the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, in ridicule of Burnet's importance in his own History, and a *Debate upon Black and White Horses*, written in all the formalities of a legal process by the assistance, as is said, of Mr. Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls. Before these *Miscellanies* is a preface signed by Swift and Pope, but apparently written by Pope; in which he makes a ridiculous and romantic complaint of the robberies committed upon authors by the clandestine seizure and sale of their papers. He tells, in tragic strains, how 'the cabinets of the Sick and the closets of the Dead' have been broke open and ransacked; as if those

violences were often committed for papers of uncertain and accidental value, which are rarely valued by real treasures; as if epigrams and satires were in danger where gold and diamonds are safe. A cat hunted for his musk, is, according to Pope's account, but the emblem of a wit winded by book-sellers.

His complaint, however, received some attestation; for the same year the Letters written by him to Mr. Cromwell, in his youth, were sold by Mrs. Thomas, to Curl, who printed them.

In these Miscellanies was first published the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, which, by such a train of consequences as usually passes in literary quarrels, gave in a short time, according to Pope's account, occasion to the *Dunciad*.

In the following year (1728) he began to put Atterbury's advice in practice; and showed his satirical powers by publishing the *Dunciad*, one of his greatest and most elaborate performances, in which he endeavored to sink into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked, and some others whom he thought unable to defend themselves.

At the head of the Dunces he placed poor Theobald, whom he accused of ingratitude; but whose real crime was supposed to be that of having revised *Shakspeare* more happily than himself. This satire had the effect which he intended, by blasting the characters which it touched. Ralph, who, unnecessarily interposing in the quar-

rel, got a place in a subsequent edition, complained that for a time he was in danger of starving, as the booksellers had no longer any confidence in his capacity.

The prevalence of this poem was gradual and slow: the plan, if not wholly new, was little understood by common readers. Many of the allusions required illustration; the names were often expressed only by the initial and final letters, and if they had been printed at length, were such as few had known or recollected. The subject itself had nothing generally interesting, for whom did it concern to know that one or another scribbler was a dunce? If therefore it had been possible for those who were attacked to conceal their pain and their resentment, the *Dunciad* might have made its way very slowly in the world.

This, however, was not to be expected: every man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is perhaps the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear them will only laugh; for no man sympathises with the sorrows of vanity.

The history of the *Dunciad* is very minutely related by Pope himself, in a Dedication which he wrote to Lord Middlesex in the name of Savage.

‘ I will relate the war of the ‘ Dunces’ for to

‘ it has been commonly called,) which began in
 ‘ the year 1727, and ended in 1730.

‘ When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought
 ‘ proper, for reasons specified in the Preface to
 ‘ their Miscellanies, to publish such little pieces
 ‘ of theirs as had casually got abroad, there ~~was~~
 ‘ added to them the *Treatise of the Bathos*, or the
 ‘ *Art of Sinking in Poetry*. It happened that in
 ‘ one chapter of this piece the several species of
 ‘ bad poets were ranged in classes, to which were
 ‘ prefixed almost all the letters of the alphabet
 ‘ (the greatest part of them at random ;) but such
 ‘ was the number of poets eminent in that art, that
 ‘ some one or other took every letter to himself;
 ‘ all fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year
 ‘ or more, the common newspapers (in most of
 ‘ which they had some property, as being hired
 ‘ writers) were filled with the most abusive false-
 ‘ hoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise ;
 ‘ a liberty no way to be wondered at in those peo-
 ‘ ple, and in those papers, that for many years,
 ‘ during the uncontrolled license of the press, had
 ‘ aspersed almost all the great characters of the
 ‘ age ; and this with impunity, their own persons
 ‘ and names being utterly secret and obscure.

‘ This gave Mr. Pope the thought that he had
 ‘ now some opportunity of doing good, by detect-
 ‘ ing and dragging into light these common ene-
 ‘ mies of mankind ; since, to invalidate this univer-
 ‘ sal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible

men were the authors of it. He was not without that, by manifesting the dulness of those ~~men~~ had only malice to recommend them, either booksellers would not find their account in ~~selling~~ them, or the men themselves, when ~~they~~ want courage to proceed in so unlawful occupation. This it was that gave birth to the *Dunciad*; and he thought it an happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to this design.

‘ On the 12th of March 1729, at St. James’s, that poem was presented to the King and Queen (who had before been pleased to read it) by the right honorable Sir Robert Walpole; and some days after the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction.

‘ It is certainly a true observation, that no people are so impatient of censure as those who are the greatest slanderers, which was wonderfully exemplified on this occasion. On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; intreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the *Dunciad*; on the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger; so out it came.

' Many ludicrous circumstances attended it.
 ' The *Dunces* (for by this name they were called)
 ' held weekly clubs, to consult of hostilities against
 ' the author : one wrote a Letter to a great mini-
 ' ster, assuring him Mr. Pope was the great
 ' enemy the government had; and another
 ' his image in clay, to execute him in effigy, with
 ' which sad sort of satisfaction the gentlemen were
 ' a little comforted.

' Some false editions of the book, having an owl
 ' in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish
 ' it, fixed in his stead an ass laden with authors.
 ' Then another surreptitious one being printed
 ' with the same ass, the new edition in octavo re-
 ' turned for distinction to the owl again. Hence
 ' arose a great contest of booksellers against book-
 ' sellers, and advertisements against advertise-
 ' ments; some recommending the edition of the
 ' owl, and others the edition of the ass; by which
 ' names they came to be distinguished, to the
 ' great honor also of the gentlemen of the
 ' *Dunces*.'

Pope appears by this narrative to have contem-
 plated his victory over the *Dunces* with great ex-
 ultation; and such was his delight in the tumult
 which he had raised, that for a while his natural
 sensibility was suspended, and he read reproaches
 and invectives without emotion, considering them
 only as the necessary effects of that pain which he
 rejoiced in having given.

It cannot however be concealed that, by his confession, he was the aggressor ; for nobody doubts that the letters in the *Bathos* were placed in the text ; and it may be discovered that, when he backs himself concealed, he indulges the comedy of common men, and triumphs in those distinctions which he had affected to despise. He is proud that his book was presented to the King and Queen by the right honorable Sir Robert Walpole ; he is proud that they had read it before ; he is proud that the edition was taken off by the nobility and persons of the first distinction.

The edition of which he speaks was, I believe, that which, by telling in the text the names, and in the notes the characters, of those whom he had satirised, was made intelligible and diverting. The critics had now declared their approbation of the plan, and the common reader began to like it without fear ; those who were strangers to petty literature, and therefore unable to decypher initials and blanks, had now names and persons brought within their view ; and delighted in the visible effect of those shafts of malice, which they had hitherto contemplated, as shot into the air.

Dennis, upon the fresh provocation now given him, renewed the enmity which had for a time been appeased by mutual civilities ; and published remarks, which he had till then suppressed, upon the *Rape of the Lock*. Many more grumbled in

secret, or vented their resentment in the newspapers by epigrams or invectives.

Ducket, indeed, being mentioned as loving Burnet with *pious passion*, pretended that his moral character was injured, and for some time declared his resolution to take vengeance with a cudgel. But Pope appeased him, by changing *pious passion* to *cordial friendship*; and by a note, in which he vehemently disclaims the malignity of meaning imputed to the first expression.

Aaron Hill, who was represented as diving for the prize, expostulated with Pope in a manner so much superior to all mean solicitation, that Pope was reduced to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologize; he first endeavors to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow.

The *Dunciad*, in the complete edition, is addressed to Dr. Swift: of the notes, part were written by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetical Letter was prefixed, signed by Cleland, but supposed to have been written by Pope.

After this general war upon Dulness, he seems to have indulged himself a while in tranquillity; but his subsequent productions prove that he was not idle. He published (1731) a poem on *Taste*, in which he very particularly and severely criticises the house, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. By Timon he was universally sup-

posed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said to mean the Duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had consequently the voice of the public in his favor.

A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation.

The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope publicly denied; but from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an *apology*, by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his *temerity* behind dissimulation, and endeavor to make that disbelieved, which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused.

Pope, in one of his Letters, complaining of the treatment which his poem had found, 'owns that such critics can intimidate him, nay almost persuade him to write no more, which is a compliment this age deserves.' The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him. I have heard of an idiot, who used to revenge his vexations by lying all night upon the bridge. 'There is nothing,' says Juvenal 'that a man will not believe in his own favor.' Pope had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life. When he talked of laying down his pen, those who sat round him entreated and implored; and self-love did not suffer him to suspect that they went away and laughed.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he seemed to love with more tenderness than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old; an age at which the mind begins less easily to admit new confidence, and the will to grow less flexible, and when, therefore, the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he lost his mother, not by an unexpected death, for she had lasted to the age of ninety-three; but she did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary; his parents had the hap

business of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son.

One of the passages of Pope's life, which seems to deserve some inquiry, was a publication of Letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious bookseller of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume containing some Letters from noblemen, Pope incited a prosecution against him in the House of Lords for breach of privilege, and attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curll appeared at the bar, and, knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence. 'He has,' said Curll, 'a knack at versifying, but in prose I think myself a match for him.' When the orders of the House were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curll went away triumphant; and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

Curll's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered for sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary

correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorized to use his purchase to his own advantage.

That Curll gave a true account of the transaction, it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and when some years afterwards I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any body else how Curll obtained the copies, because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself, for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent.

Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at once to two booksellers; to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing; and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers offered to sale by the private messengers shewed that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his Letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what had in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of com-

pulsion; that when he could complain that his Letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praises of his candor, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some letters which a very good or a very wise man would wish suppressed; but, as they had been already exposed, it was impracticable now to retract them.

From the perusal of those Letters, Mr. Allen first conceived the desire of knowing him; and with so much zeal did he cultivate the friendship which he had newly formed, that, when Pope told his purpose of vindicating his own property by a genuine edition, he offered to pay the cost.

This however Pope did not accept; but in time solicited a subscription for a Quarto volume, which appeared (1737) I believe, with sufficient profit. In the Preface he tells, that his Letters were repositied in a friend's library, said to be the Earl of Oxford's, and that the copy thence stolen was sent to the press. The story was doubtless received with different degrees of credit. It may be suspected that the Preface to the Miscellanies was written to prepare the public for such an incident; and to strengthen this opinion, James Worsdale, a painter who was employed in clandestine negotiations, but whose veracity was very

doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curl.

When they were thus published and avowed, as they had relation to recent facts, and persons either then living or not yet forgotten, they may be supposed to have found readers; but, as the facts were minute, and the characters, being either private or literary, were little known, or little regarded; they awaked no popular kindness or resentment; the book never became much the subject of conversation; some read it as a contemporary history, and some perhaps as a model of epistolary language; but those who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy; nor do I remember that it produced either public praise, or public censure.

It had, however, in some degree, the recommendation of novelty. Our language has few Letters, except those of statesmen. Howel indeed, about a century ago, published his Letters, which are commended by Morhoff, and which alone of his hundred volumes continue his memory. Loveday's Letters were printed only once; those of Herbert and Suckling are hardly known. Mrs. Phillips's [Orinda's] are equally neglected; and those of Walsh seem written as exercises, and were never sent to any living mistress or friend. Pope's epistolary excellence had an open field; he had no English rival, living or dead.

Pope is seen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly suffers no disgrace in the comparison : but it must be remembered, that he had the power of favoring himself : he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards selected those which he had most happily conceived, or most diligently labored : and I know not whether there does not appear something more studied and artificial in his productions than the rest, except one long Letter by Bolingbroke, composed with all the skill and industry of a professed author. It is indeed not easy to distinguish affectation from habit ; he that has once studiously formed a style, rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head, Swift perhaps like a man who remembered that he was writing to Pope ; but Arbuthnot like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind.

Before these Letters appeared, he published the first part of what he persuaded himself to think a system of Ethics, under the title of an *Essay on Man* ; which, if his Letter to Swift (of Sept. 14, 1725) be rightly explained by the commentator, had been eight years under his consideration, and of which he seems to have desired the success with great solicitude. He had now many open and doubtless many secret enemies. The *Dunces* were

yet smarting with the war; and the superiority which he publicly arrogated, disposed the world to wish his humiliation.

All this he knew, and against all this he provided. His own name, and that of his friend to whom the work is inscribed, were in the first editions carefully suppressed; and the poem, being of a new kind, was ascribed to one or another, as favor determined, or conjecture wandered; it was given, says Warburton, to every man, except him only who could write it. Those who like only when they like the author, and who are under the dominion of a name, condemned it; and those admired it who are willing to scatter praise at random, which while it is unappropriated excites no envy. Those friends of Pope, that were trusted with the secret, went about lavishing honors on the new-born poet, and hinting that Pope was never so much in danger from any former rival.

To those authors whom he had personally offended, and to those whose opinion the world considered as decisive, and whom he suspected of envy or malevolence, he sent his essay as a present before publication, that they might defeat their own enmity by praises which they could not afterwards decently retract.

With these precautions, in 1733 was published the first part of the *Essay on Man*. There had been for some time a report that Pope was busy upon a *System of Morality*; but this design was

not discovered in the new poem, which had a form and a title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform ; some thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. While the author was unknown, some, as will always happen, favored him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder ; but all thought him above neglect ; the sale increased, and editions were multiplied.

The subsequent editions of the first Epistle exhibited two memorable corrections. At first, the poet and his friend

Expatiate freely o'er this scene of man,
A mighty maze of walks without a plan.

For which he wrote afterwards,

A mighty maze, but not without a plan :
For, if there was no plan, it was in vain to describe or to trace the maze.

The other alteration was of these lines ;

And spite of pride, and in thy reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

But having afterwards discovered, or been shewn, that the ' truth ' which subsisted ' in spite of reason ' could not be very ' clear,' he substituted

And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite.

To such oversights will the most vigorous mind

be liable, when it is employed at once upon argument and poetry.

The second and third Epistles were published; and Pope was, I believe, more and more suspected of writing them; at last, in 1734, he avowed the fourth, and claimed the honor of a moral poet.

In the conclusion it is sufficiently acknowledged, that the doctrine of the *Essay on Man* was received from Bolingbroke, who said to have ridiculed Pope, among those who enjoyed his confidence, as having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. That those communications had been consolidated into a scheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from prose to verse, has been reported, but hardly can be true. The *Essay* plainly appears the fabric of a poet: what Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles; the order, illustration, and embellishments must all be Pope's.

These principles it is not my business to clear from obscurity, dogmatism, or falsehood; but they were not immediately examined; philosophy and poetry have not often the same readers; and the *Essay* abounded in splendid amplifications and sparkling sentences, which were read and admired with no great attention to their ultimate purpose; its flowers caught the eye, which did not see what-

the gay foliage concealed, and for a time flourished in the sunshine of universal approbation. So little was any evil tendency discovered, that, as innocence is unsuspicious, many read it for a manual of piety.

Its reputation soon invited a translator. It was first turned into French prose, and afterwards by Resnel into verse. Both translations fell into the hands of Crousaz, who first, when he had the version in prose, wrote a general censure, and afterwards reprinted Resnel's version, with particular remarks upon every paragraph.

Crousaz was a professor of Switzerland, eminent for his treatise of Logic, and his *Examen de Pyrrhonisme*, and, however little known or regarded here, was no mean antagonist. His mind was one of those in which philosophy and piety are happily united. He was accustomed to argument and disquisition, and perhaps was grown too desirous of detecting faults; but his intentions were always right, his opinions were solid, and his religion pure.

His incessant vigilance for the promotion of piety disposed him to look with distrust upon all metaphysical systems of Theology, and all schemes of virtue and happiness purely rational; and therefore it was not long before he was persuaded that the positions of Pope, as they terminated for the most part in natural religion, were intended to draw away from revelation, and to represent

the whole course of things as a necessary continuation of indissoluble fatality; and it is undeniable, that in many passages a religious eye may easily discover expressions not very favorable to morals, or to liberty.

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination, nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him an haughty confidence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favored the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman Emperor's determination, *oderint dum metuant*; he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade.

His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness; he took the words that

presented themselves; his diction is coarse and impure, and his sentences are unmeasured.

He had, in the early part of his life, pleased himself with the notice of inferior wits, and corresponded with the enemies of Pope. A Letter was produced, when he had perhaps himself forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, ' Dryden
' I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope
' for want of genius: Milton out of pride, and
' Addison out of modesty.' And when Theobald published *Shakspeare*, in opposition to Pope, the best notes were supplied by Warburton.

But the time was now come when Warburton was to change his opinion; and Pope was to find a defender in him who had contributed so much to the exaltation of his rival.

The arrogance of Warburton excited against him every artifice of offence, and therefore it may be supposed that his union with Pope was censured as hypocritical insincerity; but surely to think differently at different times, of poetical merit, may be easily allowed. Such opinions are often admitted, and dismissed, without nice examination. Who is there that has not found reason for changing his mind about questions of greater importance?

Warburton, whatever was his motive, undertook, without solicitation, to rescue Pope from the talons of Crouxaz, by freeing him from the imputation of favoring fatality, or rejecting seve-

lation: and from month to month continued a vindication of the *Essay on Man*, in the literary journal of that time called *The Republic of Letters*.

Pope, who probably began to doubt the tendency of his own work, was glad that the positions, of which he perceived himself not to know the full meaning, could by any mode of interpretation be made to mean well. How much he was pleased with his gratuitous defender, the following Letter evidently shews;

‘ SIR,

April 11, 1739.

‘ I have just received from Mr. R. two more
 ‘ of your Letters. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this; but I cannot help
 ‘ thanking you in particular for your third Letter,
 ‘ which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that
 ‘ I think Mr. Crousaz ought never to have another
 ‘ answer, and deserved not so good an one. I can
 ‘ only say, you do him too much honor, and me
 ‘ too much right, so odd as the expression seems;
 ‘ for you have made my system as clear as I ought
 ‘ to have done, and could not. It is indeed the
 ‘ same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray
 ‘ of your own, as they say our natural body is the
 ‘ same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like
 ‘ it better than I did before, and so will every
 ‘ man else. I know I meant just what you explain;
 ‘ but I did not explain my own meaning

so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself; but you express me better than I could express myself. Pray accept the sincerest acknowledgments. I cannot but wish these Letters were put together in one Book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part at least, or of all of them into French; but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, &c.'

By this fond and eager acceptance of an exculpatory comment, Pope testified that, whatever might be the seeming or real import of the principles which he had received from Bolingbroke, he had not intentionally attacked religion; and Bolingbroke, if he meant to make him, without his own consent, an instrument of mischief, found him now engaged, with his eyes open, on the side of truth.

It is known that Bolingbroke concealed from Pope his real opinions. He once discovered them to Mr. Hooke, who related them again to Pope, and was told by him that he must have mistaken the meaning of what he heard; and Bolingbroke, when Pope's uneasiness incited him to desire an explanation, declared that Hooke had misunderstood him.

Bolingbroke hated Warburton, who had drawn his pupil from him; and a little before Pope's death they had a dispute, from which they parted with mutual aversion.

From this time Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whose interest he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his estate, and by consequence a bishopric. When he died, he left him the property of his works; a legacy which may be reasonably estimated at four thousand pounds.

Pope's fondness for the *Essay on Man* appeared by his desire of its propagation. Dobson, who had gained reputation by his version of Prior's *Solomon*, was employed by him to translate it into Latin verse, and was for that purpose some time at Twickenham; but he left his work, whatever was the reason, unfinished; and, by Benson's invitation, undertook the longer task of *Paradise Lost*. Pope then desired his friend to find a scholar who should turn his *Essay* into Latin prose; but no such performance has ever appeared.

Pope lived at this time among the Great, with that reception and respect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private misconduct or factious partiality. Though Bolingbroke was his friend, Walpole was not his enemy; but treated him with so much consideration as, at his request, to solicit and obtain from the French Minister an abbey for Mr. Southcot, whom he considered himself as obliged to reward,

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by the exertion of his interest, for the benefit which he had received from his attendance in a long illness.

It was said, that, when the Court was at Richmond, Queen Caroline had declared her intention to visit him. This may have been only a careless effusion, thought on no more: the report of such notice, however, was soon in many mouths; and if I do not forget or misapprehend Savage's account, Pope pretending to decline what was not yet offered, left his house for a time, not, I suppose, for any other reason than lest he should be thought to stay at home in expectation of an honor which would not be conferred. He was therefore angry at Swift, who represents him as *refusing the visits of a Queen*, because he knew that what had never been offered had never been refused.

Beside the general system of morality, supposed to be contained in the *Essay on Man*, it was his intention to write distinct poems upon the different *stages or conditions of life*; one of which is the *Epistle to Lord Bathurst (1783) on the Use of Books*, a piece on which he declared great labor to have been bestowed*.

Into this poem some hints are historically thrown, and some known characters are introduced, with others of which it is difficult to say how far they are real or fictitious; but the praise of Kyrle,

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the Man of Ross, deserves particular examination, who after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private charities, is said to have diffused all those blessings from *five hundred a-year*. Wonders are willingly told, and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place; and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man, being made more credible, may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavored, it must be shewn to be possible.

This is the only piece in which the author has given a hint of his religion, by ridiculing the ceremony of burning the pope, and by mentioning with some indignation the inscription on the Monument.

When this poem was first published, the dialogue, having no letters of direction, was perplexed and obscure. Pope seems to have written with no very distinct idea; for he calls that an *Epistle to Bathurst*, in which Bathurst is introduced as speaking.

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His *Essay*, (1734), inscribed to Lord Cobham, his character of *Man*, written with close attention to the operations of the mind and modifications of life. In this poem he has endeavored to establish and exemplify his favorite theory of the *ruling Passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object, an innate affection which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly, or more secretly by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propensity.

Of any passion, thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant; men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is at another a lover of money. Those indeed who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humor, but by the first book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardor and emulation.

It must be at least allowed that this *ruling Passion*, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good.

No man therefore can be born, in the strict acceptation, a lover of mankind; he may be born where money does not exist, but he can be born, in a moral sense, a lover of his country; for society, politically regulated, is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country, is possible only to those whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false: its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination, or over-ruling principle which cannot be resisted; he that admits it, is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of Nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his ruling *Passion*.

Pope has formed his theory with so little skill, that in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits.

To the *Characters of Men*, he added soon after, in an Epistle supposed to have been addressed to Martha Blount, but which the last edition has taken from her, the *Characters of Women*. This poem, which was labored with great diligence, and, in the author's opinion, with great success, was neglected at its first publication, as the com-

mentator supposed, because the public was informed by an advertisement, that it contained *no Character drawn from the Life*; an assertion which Pope probably did not expect or wish to have been believed, and which he soon gave his readers sufficient reason to distrust, by telling them in a note, that the work was imperfect, because part of his subject was *Vice too high* to be yet exposed.

The time however soon came, in which it was safe to display the Dutchess of Marlborough under the name of *Atossa*; and her character was inserted with no great honor to the writer's gratitude.

He published from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) Imitations of different poems of Horace, generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it. What he was upon moral principles ashamed to own, he ought to have suppressed. Of these pieces it is useless to settle the dates, as they had seldom much relation to the times, and perhaps had been long in his hands.

This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiarised, by adapting their sentiments to modern topics, by making Horace say of Shakspeare what he originally said of Ennius, and accommodating his satires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was first practised in the reign of Charles the Second, by Oldham and Rochester; at least I remember no instances more ancient. It is a kind

of middle composition between translation and original design, which pleases, when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable, and the parallels lucky. It seems to have been Pope's favorite amusement; for he has carried it further than any former poet.

He published likewise a revival, in smoother numbers, of Dr. Donne's Satires, which was recommended to him by the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford. They made so great impression on the public. Pope seems to have known their imbecility, and therefore suppressed them while he was yet contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiencies more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himself.

The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which seems to be derived in its first design from Boileau's *Adresse à son Esprit*, was published in January 1735, about a month before the death of him to whom it is inscribed. It is to be regretted, that either honor or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of

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But, a wit, who, in the crowd of life, retained
and discovered a noble ardor of religious zeal.

In this poem, Pope seems to reckon with the public. He vindicates himself from censures; and with dignity rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindness and respect.

Into this poem are interwoven several paragraphs which had been before printed as a fragment, and among them the satirical lines upon Addison, of which the last couplet has been twice corrected. It was at first,

Who would not smile if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

Then,

Who would not grieve if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

At last it 's,

Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

He was at this time at open war with Lord Hervey, who had distinguished himself as a steady adherent to the Ministry; and being offended with a contemptuous answer to one of his pamphlets*, had summoned Pulteney to a duel. Whether he or Pope made the first attack, perhaps, cannot now

* Intituled, 'Sedition and Defamation displayed,' 8vo, 1733. R.

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be easily known: he had written an invective against Pope, whom he calls *Hard-as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure*; and hints that his father was a *hatter*. To this Pope wrote a reply in verse and prose: the verses are in this poem; and the prose, though it was never sent, is printed among his Letters, but to a cool reader of the present time exhibits nothing but tedious malignity.

His last Satires, of the general kind, were too dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, *Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight*. In these poems many are praised and many are reproached. Pope was then entangled in the opposition; a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the Ministers. His political partiality was too plainly shewn: he forgot the prudence with which he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending, through much more violent conflicts of faction.

In the first Dialogue, having an opportunity of praising Allen of Bath, he asked his leave to mention him as a man not illustrious by any merit of his ancestors, and called him in his verses, *low-born Allen*. Men are seldom satisfied with praise introduced or followed by any mention of defect. Allen seems not to have taken any pleasure in his epithet, which was afterwards softened into *humble Allen*.

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In the second Dialogue he took some liberty with one of the Foxes, among others; which Fox, in a reply to Littleton, took an opportunity of repaying, by reproaching him with the friendship of a lampooner, who scattered his ink without fear or decency, and against whom he hoped the resentment of the Legislature would quickly be discharged.

About this time Paul Whitehead, a small poet, was summoned before the Lords for a poem called *Manners*, together with Dodsley his publisher. Whitehead, who hung loose upon society, sculked and escaped; but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. He was, however, soon dismissed; and the whole process was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope, than to punish Whitehead.

Pope never afterwards attempted to join the patriot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon statesmen. That he desisted from his attempts of reformation is imputed, by his commentator, to his despair of prevailing over the corruption of the time. He was not likely to have been ever of opinion, that the spread of his satire would counter-vail the love of power or of money; he pleased himself with being important and formidable, and gratified sometimes his pride, and sometimes his resentment; till at last he began to think he should be more safe, if he were less busy.

The *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, published about this

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time, extend only to a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of Queen Anne, and denominated themselves the *Scriblerus Club*. Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious Life of an infatuated Scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warburton laments its miscarriage, as an event very disastrous to polite letters.

If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised, that they are not known; nor can the satire be understood but by the learned; he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away. He cures diseases that were never felt.

For this reason this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier, by remembering it.

The design cannot boast of much originality; for besides its general resemblance to *Don Quixote*, there will be found in it particular imitations of the *History of Mr. Ouffie*.

Swift carried so much of it into Ireland as supplied him with hints for his *Travels*; and with

those the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed.

Pope had sought for images and sentiments in a region not known to have been explored by many other of the English writers; he had consulted the modern writers of Latin poetry, a class of authors whom Boileau endeavored to bring into contempt, and who are too generally neglected. Pope, however, was not ashamed of their acquaintance, nor ungrateful for the advantages which he might have derived from it. A small selection from the Italians, who wrote in Latin, had been published at London, about the latter end of the last century, by a man* who concealed his name, but whom his Preface shews to have been well qualified for his undertaking. This collection Pope amplified by more than half, and (1740) published it in two volumes, but injuriously omitted his predecessor's preface. To these books, which had nothing but the mere text, no regard was paid, the authors were still neglected, and the editor was neither praised nor censured.

He did not sink into idleness; he had planned a work, which he considered as subsequent to his *Essay on Man*, of which he has given this account to Dr. Swift :

* Since discovered to have been Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

‘ March 25, 1736.

‘ If ever I write any more Epistles in verse,
 ‘ one of them shall be addressed to you. I have
 ‘ long concerted it, and begun it; but I would
 ‘ make what bears your name as finished as my
 ‘ last work ought to be, that is to say, more
 ‘ finished than any of the rest. The subject is
 ‘ large, and will divide into four Epistles, which
 ‘ naturally follow the ‘ Essay on Man;’ viz. 1. Of
 ‘ the Extent and Limits of Human Reason and
 ‘ Science. 2. A view of the useful and there-
 ‘ fore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore
 ‘ unattainable, Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends,
 ‘ Application, and Use of different Capacities.
 ‘ 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science, of
 ‘ the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with
 ‘ a Satire against the Misapplication of all these,
 ‘ exemplified by Pictures, Characters, and Exam-
 ‘ ples.’

This work in its full extent, being now afflicted with an asthma, and finding the powers of life gradually declining, he had no longer courage to undertake; but, from the materials which he had provided, he added, at Warburton’s request, another book to the *Dunciad*, of which the design is to ridicule such studies as are either hopeless or useless, as either pursue what is unattainable, or what, if it be attained, is of no use.

When this book was printed (1742) the laurel had been for some time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope

could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the imitations of Horace he has liberally enough praised the *Careless Husband*. In the *Dunciad*, among other worthless scibblers, he had mentioned Cibber ; who, in his *Apology*, complains of the great Poet's unkindness as more injurious, ' because,' says he, ' I never have offended him.'

It might have been expected that Pope should have been in some degree mollified by this submissive gentleness, but no such consequence appeared. Though he condescended to commend Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwards contemptuously in one of his satires, and again in his *Epistle to Arbuthnot* ; and in the fourth book of the *Dunciad* attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not easily discoverable. Perhaps, he imagined that, in ridiculing the Laureat, he insulted those by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to insult the great.

The severity of this satire, left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe that he could disturb the quiet of his adversary, and doubtless did not want instigators, who, without any care about the victory, desired to amuse themselves by looking on the contest. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declares his resolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it,

and to tire out his adversary by perseverance, if he cannot conquer him by strength.

The incessant and unappeasable malignity of Pope he imputes to a very distant cause. After the *Three Hours after Marriage* had been driven off the stage, by the offence which the mummy and crocodile gave the audience, while the exploded scene was yet fresh in memory, it happened that Cibber played Bayes in the Rehearsal ; and, as it had been usual to enliven the part by the mention of any recent theatrical transactions, he said, that he once thought to have introduced his lovers disguised in a Mummy and a Crocodile. ‘ This,’ says he, ‘ was received with loud claps, which indicated ‘ contempt of the play.’ Pope, who was behind the scenes, meeting him as he left the stage, attacked him, with all the virulence of a ‘ Wit out of his ‘ senses ;’ to which he replied, ‘ that he would take ‘ no other notice of what was said, by so particular a man, than to declare, that, as often as ‘ he played that part, he would repeat the same ‘ provocation.’

He shews his opinion to be, that Pope was one of the authors of the play which he so zealously defended ; and adds an idle story of Pope’s behavior at a tavern.

The pamphlet was written with little power of thought or language, and, if suffered to remain without notice, would have been very soon forgotten. Pope had now been enough acquainted with

human life to know, if his passion had not been too powerful for his understanding, that, from a contention like his with Cibber, the world seeks nothing but diversion, which is given at the expence of the higher character. When Cibber lampooned Pope, curiosity was excited; what Pope would say of Cibber nobody inquired, but in hope that Pope's asperity might betray his pain and lessen his dignity.

He should therefore have suffered the pamphlet to flutter and die, without confessing that it stung him. The dishonor of being shewn as Cibber's antagonist could never be compensated by the victory. Cibber had nothing to lose: when Pope had exhausted all his malignity upon him, he would rise in the esteem both of his friends and his enemies. Silence only could have made him despicable; the blow which did not appear to be felt would have been struck in vain.

But Pope's irritability prevailed, and he resolved to tell the whole English world that he was at war with Cibber; and to show that he thought him no common adversary, he prepared no common vengeance; he published a new edition of the *Dunciad*, in which he degraded Theobald from his painful pre-eminence, and enthroned Cibber in his stead. Unhappily the two heroes were of opposite characters, and Pope was unwilling to lose what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his

poem by giving to Cibber the old books, the cold pedantry, and sluggish pertinacity of Theobald.

Pope was ignorant enough of his own interest, to make another change, and introduced Osborne contending for the prize among the booksellers. Osborne was a man entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He told me, when he was doing that which roused Pope's resentment, that he should be put into the *Dunciad*; but he had the fate of *Cassandra*. I gave no credit to his prediction, till in time I saw it accomplished. The shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborne; being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of one, and deadened by the insupportable dulness of the other. Pope confessed his own pain by his anger; but he gave no pain to those who had provoked him. He was able to hurt none but himself; by transferring the same ridicule from one to another, he destroyed its efficacy; for, by shewing that what he had said of one he was ready to say of another, he reduced himself to the insignificance of his own magpie, who from his cage calls cuckold at a venture.

Cibber, according to his engagement, repaid the *Dunciad* with another pamphlet, which, Pope said, 'would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him;' but his tongue and his heart were at variance. I have heard Mr. Richardson relate, that he attended his father the painter on a visit, when

one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, 'These things are my diversion.' They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhen with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father, when they returned, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope.

From this time, finding his diseases more oppressive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he no longer strained his faculties with any original composition, nor proposed any other employment for his remaining life than the revisal and correction of his former works; in which he received advice and assistance from Warburton, whom he appears to have trusted and honored in the highest degree.

He laid aside his Epic Poem, perhaps without much loss to mankind; for his Hero was Brutus the Trojan, who, according to a ridiculous fiction, established a colony in Britain. The subject therefore was of the fabulous age; the actors were a race upon whom imagination has been exhausted, and attention wearied, and to whom the mind will not easily be recalled, when it is invited in blank verse, which Pope had adopted with great imprudence, and I think without due consideration of the nature of our language. The sketch is, at least in part, preserved by Ruffhead; by which it appears, that Pope was thoughtless enough to model the names of his heroes with terminations not con-

sistent with the time or country in which he places them.

He lingered through the next year ; but perceived himself, as he expresses it, ' going down the ' hill.' He had for at least five years been afflicted with an asthma, and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. Towards the end of his life he consulted Dr. Thomson, a man who had, by large promises, and free censures of the common practice of physic, forced himself up into sudden reputation. Thomson declared his distemper to be a dropsy, and evacuated part of the water by tincture of jalap ; but confessed that his belly did not subside. Thomson had many enemies, and Pope was persuaded to dismiss him.

While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw his favorite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still ; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady ; who, when he came to her, asked, ' What, is he not dead yet ?' She is said to have neglected him, with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay ; yet, of the little which he had to leave, she had a very great part. Their acquaintance began early ; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind ; their conversation therefore was

and dearest, for when they met, there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the chamber of sickness as female weakness or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might fill her place; he could have only shrunk within himself; it was too late to transfer his confidence or fondness.

In May 1744 his death was approaching*; on the sixth, he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man: he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colors, and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.

Bolingbroke sometimes wept over his state of helpless decay; and being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, 'It has so' And added, 'I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular

* Spence.

‘ friends, or more general friendship for mankind.’ At another time he said, ‘ I have known Pope ‘ these thirty years, and value myself more in his ‘ friendship than’—his grief then suppressed his voice.

Pope expressed undoubting confidence of a future state. Being asked by his friend Mr. Hoopke, a papist, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a priest should not be called, he answered, ‘ I do not think it essential, but it ‘ will be very right; and I thank you for putting ‘ me in mind of it.’

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, ‘ There is nothing ‘ that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and ‘ indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue.’

He died in the evening, of the thirtieth day of May 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by ~~his~~ commentator, the Bishop of Gloucester.

He left the care of his papers to his executors; first to Lord Bolingbroke, and if he should not be living to the Earl of Marchmont; undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend his fame. But let no man dream of influence beyond his life. After a decent time, Dodsley the bookseller went to solicit preference as the publisher, and was told that the parcel had not been yet

inspected; and whatever was the reason, the world has been disappointed of what was 'reserved for the next age.'

He lost, indeed, the favor of Bolingbroke by a kind of posthumous offence. The political pamphlet called *The Patriot King* had been put into his hands that he might procure the impression of a very few copies, to be distributed, according to the author's direction, among his friends, and Pope assured him that no more had been printed than were allowed; but, soon after his death, the printer brought and resigned a complete edition of fifteen hundred copies, which Pope had ordered him to print, and to retain in secret. He kept, as was observed, his engagement to Pope better than Pope had kept it to his friend; and nothing was known of the transaction, till, upon the death of his employer, he thought himself obliged to deliver the books to the right owner, who, with great indignation, made a fire in his yard, and delivered the whole impression to the flames.

Hitherto nothing had been done which was not naturally dictated by resentment of violated faith; resentment more acrimonious, as the violator had been more loved or more trusted. But here the anger might have stopped; the injury was private, and there was little danger from the example.

Bolingbroke, however, was not yet satisfied; his thirst of vengeance excited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in

his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public, with all its aggravations. Warburton, whose heart was warm with his legacy, and tender by the recent separation, thought it proper for him to interpose; and undertook, not indeed to vindicate the action, for breach of trust has always something criminal, but to extenuate it by an apology. Having advanced what cannot be denied, that moral obliquity is made more or less excusable by the motives that produce it, he inquires what evil purpose could have induced Pope to break his promise. He could not delight his vanity by usurping the work, which, though not sold in shops, had been shewn to a number more than sufficient to preserve the author's claim; he could not gratify his avarice, for he could not sell his plunder till Bolingbroke was dead; and even then, if the copy was left to another, his fraud would be defeated, and if left to himself, would be useless.

Warburton therefore supposes, with great appearance of reason, that the irregularity of his conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might perhaps have destroyed the pamphlet, which Pope thought it his duty to preserve, even without its author's approbation. To this apology an answer was written in *A Letter to the most impudent man living*.

He brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous manner made in

his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected repayment of his benefactions. Mrs. Blount, as the known friend and favorite of Pope, had been invited to the house of Allen, where she comported herself with such indecent arrogance, that she parted from Mrs. Allen in a state of irreconcilable dislike, and the door was for ever barred against her. This exclusion she resented with so much bitterness as to refuse any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to Allen. Having been long under her dominion, now tottering in the decline of life, and unable to resist the violence of her temper, or, perhaps, with the prejudice of a lover, persuaded that she had suffered important treatment, he complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Allen accepted the legacy, which he gave to the Hospital at Bath, observing that Pope was always a bad accomptant, and that, if to 150*l*. he had put a cypher more, he come nearer to the truth*.

* This account of the difference between Pope and Mr. Allen is not so circumstantial as it was in Johnson's power to have made it. The particulars, communicated to him, concerning it, he was too indolent to commit to writing: the business of this note is to supply his omissions.

Upon an invitation in which Mrs. Blount was included, Mr. Pope made a vi*si*t to Mr. Allen at Prior-park, and having occasion to go to Bristol for a few days, left Mrs. Blount behind him. In his absence Mrs. Blount, who was of the Romish persuasion, signified an inclination to go to the Popish chapel at Bath, and desired of Mr. Allen the use of his chariot for the purpose; but he being at that time mayor of the city, suggested the impropriety of having his carriage seen at the door of a place of worship, to which as a magistrate he was at least restrained from

THE person of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the nicest model. He has, in his account of the *Little Club*, compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is said to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitution originally feeble and weak; and as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was a 'long disease.' His most frequent assailant was the headach, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps

giving a sanction, and might be required to suppress; and therefore desired to be excused. Mrs. Blount resented this refusal, and told Pope of it at his return, and so infected him with her rage that they both left the house abruptly.

An instance of the like negligence may be noted in his relation of Pope's love of painting, which differs much from the information I gave him on that head. A picture of Betterton, certainly copied from Kneller by Pope, Lord Mansfield once shewed me at Kenwood-house, adding, that it was the only one he ever finished, for that the weakness of his eyes was an obstruction to his use of the pencil. H.

after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvass, being scarce able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tie-wig, and a little sword.

The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required, had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing should give way to his ease or humor, as a child, whose parents will not hear her cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

*C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.*

When he wanted to sleep he 'nodd'd in com'

'pany;' and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was, he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the Earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alleged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthensome: but he was careful to recompense her want of sleep; and Lord Oxford's servant declared, that in a house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages.

He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to what pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite; he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at the intervals of the table, amused himself with biscuits and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach with repletion; and

Though he seemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pursued him with presents of luxury, which he did not suffer to stand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by a javelin or a sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation.

In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavored to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods. 'He hardly drank tea without a stratagem.' If, at the house of his friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as something convenient; though when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he seized Lord Orrery till he obtained a screen. He practised his arts on such small occasions, that Lady Bolingbroke used to say in a French phrase, that he 'played the

‘ politician, about cabbages and turnips.’ His unjustifiable impression of the *Patriot King*, as it can be imputed to no particular motive, must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning; he caught an opportunity of a sly trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that, so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection raised against his inscription for Shakespeare was defended by the authority of ‘ Patrick,’ he replied—‘ horresco referens’—that ‘ he would allow the publisher of a Dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together.’

He was fretful, and easily displeased, and allowed himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave Lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed infested by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend

of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no entreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or the other quitted the house.

He sometimes condescended to be jocular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter.

Of his domestic character, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected all temptations to expence unsuitable to his fortune. This general care must be universally approved; but it sometimes appeared in petty artifices of parsimony, such as the practice of writing his compositions on the back of letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy of the *Iliad*, by which perhaps in five years five shillings were saved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and scantiness of entertainment, as, when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table; and, having himself taken two small glasses, would retire and say, ‘Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.’ Yet he tells his friends, ‘that he has a heart for all, a house for all, and, whatever they may think, a fortune for all.’

He sometimes, however, made a splendid dinner, and is said to have wanted no part of the skill or

elegance which such performances require. That this magnificence should be often displayed, the obstinate prudence with which he conducted his affairs would not permit; for his revenue, certain and casual, amounted only to about eight hundred pounds a-year, of which however he declares himself able to assign one hundred to charity *.

Of this fortune, which as it arose from public approbation was very honorably obtained, his imagination seems to have been too full: it would be hard to find a man, so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money. In his Letters, and in his Poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vine, or some hints of his opulence, are always to be found. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing.

Next to the pleasure of contemplating his possessions, seems to be that of enumerating the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted, and whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have been

* Part of it arose from an annuity of two hundred pounds a-year, which he had purchased either of the last Duke of Buckinghamshire, or the Duchess his mother, and which was charged on some estate of that family. The deed by which it was granted was some years in my custody. H.

obtained by any practices of meanness or servility ; a boast, which was never denied to be true, and to which very few poets have ever aspired. Pope never set genius to sale, he never flattered those whom he did not love, or praised those whom he did not esteem. Savage however remarked, that he began a little to relax his dignity when he wrote a distich for ' his Highness's dog.'

His admiration of the Great seems to have increased in the advance of life. He passed over peers and statesmen to inscribe his *Iliad* to Congreve, with a magnanimity of which the praise had been complete, had his friend's virtue been equal to his wit. Why he was chosen for so great an honor ; it is not now possible to know ; there is no trace in literary history of any particular intimacy between them. The name of Congreve appears in the Letters among those of his other friends, but without any observable distinction or consequence.

To his latter works, however, he took care to annex names dignified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice ; for, except Lord Bathurst, none of his noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity : he can derive little honor from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.

Of his social qualities, if an estimate be made from his Letters, an opinion too favorable cannot easily be formed ; they exhibit a perpetual and un-

clouded effulgence of general benevolence, and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their Letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him. But the truth is, that such were the simple friendships of the 'Golden Age,' and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to *themselves*, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view ; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves we do not shew to our friends. There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered ; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their genuine effect ; but a friendly Letter is a calm and deliberate performance, in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude, and surely no man sets down to depreciate by design his own character.

Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity ; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep ? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint ; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance

of approbation among the different dispositions of mankind ; but a Letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known ; and must therefore please, if not by favoring them, by forbearing to oppose them.

To charge those favorable representations, which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would shew more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right ; and most hearts are pure, while temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy ; to despise death when there is no danger ; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given. While such ideas are formed they are felt, and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the Letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge ; and another, to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or vanity requires something to be written. Pope confesses his early Letters to be vitiated with *affectation and ambition* : to know whether he disentangled himself from these perverters of epistolary integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison.

* One of his favorite topics is, contempt of his

own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation ; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed ; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry ? He writes, he says, when he ‘ has just nothing else to do ;’ yet Swift complains that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he ‘ had always some poetical scheme ‘ in his head.’ It was punctually required that his writing-box should be set upon his bed before he rose ; and Lord Oxford’s domestic related, that, in the dreadful winter of Forty, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought.

He pretends insensibility to censure and criticism, though it was observed by all who knew him that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, and that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation ; but he wished to despise his critics, and therefore hoped that he did despise them.

As he happened to live in two reigns when the Court paid little attention to poetry, he nursed in his mind a foolish disesteem of Kings, and proclaims that ‘ he never sees Courts.’ Yet a little regard shewn him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy ; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his Royal Highness, ‘ How he ‘ could love a Prince, while he disliked Kings ?’

He very frequently professes contempt of the

world, and represents himself as looking on mankind, sometimes with gay indifference, as on emmets of a hillock, below his serious attention ; and sometimes with gloomy indignation, as on monsters more worthy of hatred than of pity. These were dispositions apparently counterfeited. How could he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, and on whose approbation his esteem of himself was superstructed ? Why should he hate those to whose favor he owed his honor and his ease ? Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge ; to despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just ; and if it were not just, is not possible. Pope was far enough from this unreasonable temper ; he was sufficiently *a fool to Fame*, and his fault was, that he pretended to neglect it. His levity and his sullenness were only in his Letters ; he passed through common life, sometimes vexed, and sometimes pleased, with the natural emotions of common men.

His scorn of the Great is repeated too often to be real ; no man thinks much of that which he despises ; and as falsehood is always in danger of inconsistency, he makes it his boast at another time that he lives among them.

It is evident that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing, lest the clerks of the Post-office should know his secrets ; he has many enemies ; he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy ; ‘ after many

‘ deaths, and many dispersions, two or three of us,’ says he, ‘ may still be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases ;’ and they can live together, and shew what friends wits may be, in spite of all ‘ the fools in the world.’ All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand ; he certainly had no more enemies than a public character, like his, inevitably excites ; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live, very few were so much fools as ever to inquire.

Some part of this pretended discontent he learned from Swift, and expresses it, I think, most frequently in his correspondence with him. Swift’s resentment was unreasonable, but it was sincere ; Pope was the mere mimicry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that ‘ a glut of study and retirement had ‘ thrown him on the world,’ and that there was danger lest, ‘ a glut of the world should throw him ‘ back upon study and retirement.’ To this Swift answered with great propriety, that Pope had not yet either acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it must be some very powerful reason, that can drive back to solitude, him, who has once enjoyed the pleasures of society.

In the Letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind, as makes them

insensible of any excellence that has not some affinity with their own; and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should form his opinion of the age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived amidst ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their contemporaries, either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

When Pope murmurs at the world, when he professes contempt of fame, when he speaks of riches and poverty, of success and disappointment, with negligent indifference, he certainly does not express his habitual and settled sentiments; but either wilfully disguises his own character, or, what is more likely, invests himself with temporary qualities, and sallies out in the colors of the present moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, acted strongly upon his mind; and if he differed from others, it was not by carelessness; he was irritable and resentful; his malignity to Philips, whom he had first made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain desire to make Bentley contemptible, I never heard any adequate reason. He was sometimes wanton in his attacks; and, before Chandos, Lady Wortley, and Hill, was mean in his retreat.

The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection were, liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was other than

he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his charity to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and of the subscription of forty pounds a-year that he raised for Savage, twenty were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money, but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himself; and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness. His ungrateful mention of Allen in his will, was the effect of his adherence to one whom he had known much longer, and whom he naturally loved with greater fondness. His violation of the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke could have no motive inconsistent with the warmest affection; he either thought the action so near to indifferent that he forgot it, or so laudable that he expected his friend to approve it.

It was reported, with such confidence as almost to enforce belief, that in the papers intrusted to his executors was found a defamatory Life of Swift, which he had prepared as an instrument of vengeance, to be used if any provocation should be

ever given. About this I inquired of the Earl of Marchmont, who assured me that no such piece was among his remains.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which in his correspondence with Racine he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of Revelation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke, he seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquencies observed and aggravated: those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was, in his early life, a man of great literary curiosity; and when he wrote his *Essay on Criticism*, had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into

the living world, it seems to have happened to him as to many others, that he was less attentive to dead masters ; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favorite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality, not from the copies of authors, but the originals of Nature. Yet there is no reason to believe that literature ever lost his esteem ; he always professed to love reading ; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his *Essay on Man*, when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered ‘ More than I expected.’ His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, shew an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent, eager to pursue knowledge, and attentive to retain it.

From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verses to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was Good Sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected ; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring; in its widest searches still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavoring more than it can do.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers, that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearied diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead; he read his compositions to his friends, and was never content with mediocrity when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy; to make verses was his first labor, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.

He was one of those few whose labor is their pleasure: he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He labored his works, first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faculties, and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence; he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabric of verse; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had, in his mind, a systematical arrangement; having always the same use for words, he had words so selected and combined as to be ready at his call. This increase of facility he confessed himself to have perceived in the progress of his translation.

But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independence secured him from drudging at a task, and laboring upon a barren topic: he never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop of condolence or congratulation. His poems, therefore, were scarce ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song, and derived no opportunities from recent events, nor any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers. He was never reduced to the necessity of soliciting the sun to shine upon a birth-day, of calling the Graces and Virtues to a wedding, or of saying what multitudes have said before him. When he could produce nothing new, he was at liberty to be silent..

His publications were for the same reason never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection : it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamored of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends and listened with great willingness to criticism ; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment.

He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality ; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people : and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers ; he never attempted to make

that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he ~~planned~~ ^{planned} out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best: he did not court the candor, but dared the judgment of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven. „

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times, as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of *Thirty-eight*; of which Dodsley told me, that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. ‘Almost every line,’ he said, ‘was then written twice over: I gave him ‘a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every ‘line written twice over a second time.’

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised *the Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigor. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man, in his general nature; and Pope, in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope

is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that, of his poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If

the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry may, perhaps, shew him the reasonableness of my determination.

THE Works of Pope are now to be distinctly examined, not so much with attention to slight faults or petty beauties, as to the general character and effect of each performance.

It seems natural for a young poet to initiate himself by pastorals, which, not professing to imitate real life, require no experience; and exhibiting only the simple operation of unmingled passions, admit no subtle reasoning or deep inquiry. Pope's pastorals are not however composed but with close thought; they have reference to the times of the day, the seasons of the year, and the periods of human life. The last, that which turns the attention upon age and death, was the author's favorite. To tell of disappointment and misery, to thicken the darkness of futurity, and perplex

the labyrinth of uncertainty, has been always a delicious employment of the poets. His preference was probably just. I wish, however, that his fondness had not overlooked a line in which the *Zephyrs* are made to lament in silence.

To charge these pastorals with want of invention, is to require what was never intended. The imitations are so ambitiously frequent, that the writer evidently means rather to shew his literature than his wit. It is surely sufficient for an author of sixteen, not only to be able to copy the poems of antiquity with judicious selection, but to have obtained sufficient powers of language, and skill in metre, to exhibit a series of versification, which had in English poetry no precedent, nor has since had an imitation.

The design of *Windsor Forest* is evidently derived from *Cooper's Hill*, with some attention to Waller's poem on *The Park*; but Pope cannot be denied to excel his masters in variety and elegance, and the art of interchanging description, narrative, and morality. The objection made by Dennis is the want of plan, of a regular subordination of parts terminating in the principal and original design. There is this want in most descriptive poems, because, as the scenes, which they must exhibit successively, are all subsisting at the same time, the order in which they are shewn must by necessity be arbitrary, and more is not to be expected from the last part than from the first. The atten-

tion, therefore, which cannot be detained by suspense, must be excited by diversity, such as his poem offers to its reader

But the desire of diversity may be too much indulged, the parts of *Windsor Forest* which deserve least praise, are those which were added to enliven the stillness of the scene,—the appearance of Father Thames, and the transformation of *Lodona*. Addison had in his *Campaign* derided the rivers that rise from their oozy beds to tell stories of heroes; and it is therefore strange that Pope should adopt a fiction not only unnatural but lately censured. The story of *Lodona* is told with sweetness; but a few metamorphosis is a ready and puerile expedient, nothing is easier than to tell how a flower was once a blooming virgin, or a rock an obdurate tyrant

The *Temple of Fame* has, as Steele warmly declared, ‘a thousand beauties’ Every part is splendid, there is great luxuriance of ornaments, the original vision of Chaucer was never denied to be much improved, the all-gory is very skilfully continued, the imagery is properly selected, and learnedly displayed yet, with all this comprehension of excellence, as its scene is laid in remote ages, and its sentiments, if the concluding paragraph be excepted, have little relation to general manners or common life, it never obtained much notice, but is turned silently over, and seldom quoted or mentioned with either praise or blame

That the *Messiah* excels the *Pollio* is no great praise, if it is considered from what original the improvements are derived.

The *Verses on the unfortunate Lady* have drawn much attention by the illaudable singularity of treating suicide with respect; and they must be allowed to be written in some parts with vigorous animation, and in others with gentle tenderness; nor has Pope produced any poem in which the sense predominates more over the diction. But the tale is not skilfully told; it is not easy to discover the character of either the Lady or her Guardian. History relates that she was about to disparage herself by a marriage with an inferior; Pope praises her for the dignity of ambition; and yet condemns the uncle to detestation for his pride; the ambitious love of a niece may be opposed by the interest, malice, or envy of an uncle, but never by his pride. On such an occasion a poet may be allowed to be obscure, but inconsistency never can be right*.

* The account hereinbefore given of this lady and her catastrophe, cited by Johnson from Butthead with a kind of acquiescence in the truth thereof, seems no other than might have been extracted from the verses themselves. I have in my possession a letter to Dr. Johnson, containing the name of the lady, and a reference to a gentleman well known in the literary world to her history. Him I have seen; and, from a memorandum of some particulars to the purpose communicated to him by a lady of quality, he informs me that the unfortunate lady's name was Withnubury, corruptly pronounced Winbury, that she was in love with Pope, and would have married him, that her guardian, though she was deformed in her person, looking upon such a match as beneath her, sent her to a convent, and that a noose, and not a sword, put an end to her life. M

The *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* was undertaken at the desire of Steele : in this the author is generally confessed to have miscarried, yet he has miscarried only as compared with Dryden ; for he has far outgone other competitors. Dryden's plan is better chosen ; history will always take stronger hold of the attention than fable : the passions excited by Dryden are the pleasures and pains of real life, the scene of Pope is laid in imaginary existence ; Pope is read with calm acquiescence, Dryden with turbulent delight ; Pope hangs upon the ear, and Dryden finds the passes of the mind.

Both the odes want the essential constituent of metrical compositions, the stated recurrence of settled numbers. It may be alleged, that Pindar is said by Horace to have written *numeris lege solutis* : but as no such lax performances have been transmitted to us, the meaning of that expression cannot be fixed ; and perhaps the like return might properly be made to a modern Pindarist, as Mr. Cobb received from Bentley, who, when he found his criticisms upon a Greek Exercise, which Cobb had presented, refuted one after another by Pindar's authority, cried out at last, ' Pindar was a bold fellow, but thou art an impudent one.'

If Pope's ode be particularly inspected, it will be found that the first stanza consists of sounds well chosen indeed, but only sounds.

The second consists of hyperbolical common-

places, easily to be found, and perhaps without much difficulty to be as well expressed.

In the third, however, there are numbers, images, harmony, and vigor, not unworthy the antagonist of Dryden. Had all been like this—but every part cannot be the best.

The next stanzas place and detain us in the dark and dismal regions of mythology, where neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow, can be found: the poet however faithfully attends us; we have all that can be performed by elegance of diction, or sweetness of versification; but what can form avail without better matter?

The last stanza recurs again to common-places. The conclusion is too evidently modelled by that of Dryden; and it may be remarked that both end with the same fault; the comparison of each is literal on one side, and metaphorical on the other.

Poets do not always express their own thoughts: Pope, with all this labor in the praise of Music,—was ignorant of its principles, and insensible of its effects.

One of his greatest, though of his earliest works, is the *Essay on Criticism*, which, if he had written nothing else, would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition, selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendor of

illustration, and propriety of digression. I know not whether it be pleasing to consider that he produced this piece at twenty, and never afterwards excelled it: he that delights himself with observing that such powers may be soon attained, cannot but grieve to think that life was ever after at a stand.

To mention the particular beauties of the Essay would be unprofitably tedious: but I cannot forbear to observe, that the comparison of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can shew. A simile, to be perfect, must both illustrate and ennoble the subject; must shew it to the understanding in a clearer view, and display it to the fancy with greater dignity; but either of these qualities may be sufficient to recommend it. In didactic poetry, of which the great purpose is instruction, a simile may be praised which illustrates, though it does not ennoble; in heroics, that may be admitted which ennobles, though it does not illustrate. That it may be complete, it is required to exhibit, independently of its references, a pleasing image; for a simile is said to be a short episode. To this, antiquity was so attentive, that circumstances were sometimes added, which, having no parallels, served only to fill the imagination, and produced what Perrault ludicrously called 'comparisons with a long tail.' In their similes the greatest writers have sometimes failed; the ship-race, com-

pared with the 'chariot-race, is neither illustrated nor aggrandized; land and water make all the difference: when Appollo, running after Daphne, is likened to a greyhound chasing a hare, there is nothing gained; the ideas of pursuit and flight are too plain to be made plainer; and a god and the daughter of a god are not represented much to their advantage by a hare and dog. The simile of the Alps has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture by itself; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take faster hold on the attention; it assists the apprehension, and elevates the fancy.

Let me likewise dwell a little on the celebrated paragraph, in which it is directed, that 'the sound should seem an echo to the sense;' a precept which Pope is allowed to have observed beyond any other English poet.

This notion of representative metre, and the desire of discovering frequent adaptations of the sound to the sense, have produced, in my opinion, many wild conceits and imaginary beauties. All that can furnish this representation are the sounds of the words considered singly, and the time in which they are pronounced. Every language has some words framed to exhibit the noises which they express, as *thump*, *rattle*, *growl*, *hiss*. These however are but few, and the poet cannot make them more, nor can they be of any use but when sound is to be mentioned. The time of pronun-

ciation was in the dactylic measures of the learned languages capable of considerable variety; but that variety could be accommodated only to motion or duration, and different degrees of motion were perhaps expressed by verses rapid or slow, without much attention of the writer, when the image had full possession of his fancy, but our language having little flexibility, our verses can differ very little in their cadence. The fancied resemblances, I fear, arise sometimes merely from the ambiguity of words; there is supposed to be some relation between a *soft* line and *soft* couch, or between *hard* syllables and *hard* fortune.

Motion, however, may be in some sort exemplified; and yet it may be suspected that in such resemblances the mind often governs the ear, and the sounds are estimated by their meaning. One of their most successful attempts has been to describe the labor of Sisyphus:

With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
ground.

Who does not perceive the stone to move slowly upward, and roll violently back? But set the same numbers to another sense;

While many a merry tale, and many a song,
Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road
long.

The rough road then, returning in a round,
Mock'd our impatient steps, for all was fairy ground.

We have now surely lost much of the delay, and
much of the rapidity.

But, to shew how little the greatest master of
numbers can fix the principles of representative
harmony, it will be sufficient to remark that the
poet, who tells us that

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw
The line too, labors, and the words move slow :
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the
main ;

when he had enjoyed for about thirty years the
praise of Camilla's lightness of foot, he tried another
experiment upon *sound* and *time*, and produced
this memorable triplet ;

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join	}
The varying verse, the full resounding line,	
The long majestic march, and energy divine.	

Here are the swiftness of the rapid race, and
the march of slow paced majesty, exhibited by the
same poet in the sequence of syllables, except that
the exact prosodist will find the line of *swiftness*
by one time longer than that of *tardiness*.

Beauties of this kind are commonly fancied ; and,

when real, are technical and nugatory, not to be rejected, and not to be solicited.

To the praises which have been accumulated on *The Rape of the Lock* by readers of every class, from the critic to the waiting-maid, it is difficult to make any addition. Of that which is universally allowed to be the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions, let it rather be now inquired from what sources the power of pleasing is derived.

Dr. Warburton, who excelled in critical perspicacity, has remarked that the preternatural agents are very happily adapted to the purposes of the poem. The heathen deities can no longer gain attention: we should have turned away from a contest between Venus and Diana. The employment of allegorical persons always excites conviction of its own absurdity; they may produce effects, but cannot conduct actions: when the phantom is put in motion, it dissolves: thus *Discord* may raise a mutiny; but *Discord* cannot conduct a march, nor besiege a town. Pope brought in view a new race of Beings, with powers and passions proportionate to their operation. The Sylphs and Gnomes act at the toilet and the tea-table, what more terrific and more powerful phantoms perform on the ~~ocean~~ ocean, or the field of battle; they give their proper help, and do their proper mischief.

Pope is said, by an objector, not to have been the inventor of this petty nation; a charge which might with more justice have been brought against

the author of the *Iliad*, who doubtless adopted the religious system of his country; for what is there ~~not~~ the names of his agents which Pope has not invented? Has he not assigned them characters and operations never heard of before? Has he not, at least, given them their first poetical existence? If this is not sufficient to denominate his work original, nothing original ever can be written.

In this work are exhibited, in a very high degree, the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race of ærial people, never heard of before, is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks for no further information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their pursuits, loves a Sylph, and detests a Gnome.

That familiar things are made new, every paragraph will prove. The subject of the poem is an event below the common incidents of common life; nothing real is introduced that is not seen so often as to be no longer regarded; yet the whole detail of a single day is here brought before us, invested with so much art of decoration, that, though nothing is disguised, every thing is striking, and we feel all the appetite of curiosity for that from which we have a thousand times turned fastidiously away.

The purpose of the poet is, as he tells us, to laugh at 'the little unguarded follies of the female sex.' It is therefore without justice that Dennis charges the *Rape of the Lock* with the want of a moral, and for that reason sets it below the *Lutrin*, which expresses the pride and discord of the clergy. Perhaps neither Pope nor Bolingbroke has made the world much better than he found it; but, if they had both succeeded, it were easy to tell who would have deserved most from public gratitude. The freaks, and humors, and spleen, and vanity of women, as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more, to obstruct the happiness of life in a year, than the ambition of the clergy in many centuries. It has been well observed, that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.

It is remarked by Dennis likewise, that machinery is superfluous; that, by all the bustle of preternatural operation, the main event is neither hastened nor retarded. To this charge an efficacious answer is not easily made. The Sylphs cannot be said to help or to oppose; and it must be allowed to some want of art, that their power has not been sufficiently intermingled with the action. Other parts may likewise be charged with want of connexion; the game at *ombre* might be spared, but if the Lady had lost her hair while she was

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ment upon her cards, it might have been inferred that those who are too fond of play will be in danger of neglecting more important interests. Those perhaps are faults; but what are such faults to so much excellence!

The Epistle of *Eloise to Abelard* is one of the most happy productions of human wit: the subject is so judiciously chosen, that it would be difficult, in turning over the annals of the world, to find another which so many circumstances concur to recommend. We regularly interest ourselves most in the fortune of those who most deserve our notice. Abelard and Eloise were conspicuous in their days for eminence of merit. The heart naturally loves truth. The adventures and misfortunes of this illustrious pair are known from indisputed history. Their fate does not leave the mind in hopeless dejection; for they both found quiet and consolation in retirement and piety. So new and so affecting is their story, that it supersedes invention, and imagination ranges at full liberty without straggling into scenes of fable.

The story, thus skillfully adopted, has been diligently improved. Pope has left nothing behind him, which seems more the effect of studious perseverance and laborious revisal. Here is particularly observable the *curiosa felicitas*, a fruitful soil, and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeness of sense, nor asperity of language.

The sources from which sentiments, which have so much vigor and efficacy, have been drawn, are shewn to be the mystic writers by the learned author of the *Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope*; a book which teaches how the brow of Criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight.

The train of my disquisition has now conducted me to that poetical wonder, the translation of the *Iliad*; a performance which no age or nation can pretend to equal. To the Greeks, translation was almost unknown; it was totally unknown to the inhabitants of Greece. They had no recourse to the Barbarians for poetical beauties, but sought for every thing in Homer, where, indeed, there is but little which they might not find.

The Italians have been very diligent translators; but I can hear of no version, unless perhaps Anguilara's Ovid may be excepted, which is read with eagerness. The *Iliad* of Salvini every reader may discover to be punctiliously exact; but it seems to be the work of a linguist skilfully pedantic; and his countrymen, the proper judges of its power to please, reject it with disgust.

Their predecessors, the Romans, have left some specimens of translation behind them, and that employment must have had some credit, in which Tully and Germanicus engaged; but unless we suppose, what is perhaps true, that the plays of Terence

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versions of Menander, nothing translated ever to have risen to high reputation. The French in the meridian hour of their learning, were very laudably industrious to enrich their own language with the wisdom of the ancients; but found themselves reduced, by whatever necessity, to turn the Greek and Roman poetry into prose. Whoever could read an author, could translate him. From such rivals little can be feared.

The chief help of Pope in this arduous undertaking was drawn from the versions of Dryden. Virgil had borrowed much of his imagery from Homer; and part of the debt was now paid by his translator. Pope searched the pages of Dryden for happy combinations of heroic diction; but it will not be denied that he added much to what he found. He cultivated our language with so much art, that he has left in his *Homer* a store of poetical elegancies to posterity. His version may be said to have tuned the English tongue; for since its appearance, no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. Such a series of lines so elaborately corrected, and so sweetly modulated, took possession of the public ear; the vulgar was enamored of the poem, and the learned wondered at the translation.

But in the most general applause discordant voices will always be heard. It has been objected by some, who wish to be numbered among the sons of learning, that Pope's version of Homer is

not Homerial ; that it exhibits no resemblance of the original and characteristic manner of the Father of Poetry, as it wants his awful simplicity, his artless grandeur, his unaffected majesty*. This cannot be totally denied : but it must be remembered that *necessitas quod cogit defendit* ; that may be lawfully done which cannot be forbore. Time and place can always enforce regard. In estimating this translation, consideration must be had of the nature of our language, the form of our metre, and, above all, of the change which two thousand years have made in the modes of life and the habits of thought. Virgil wrote in a language of the same general fabric with that of Homer, in verses of the same measure, and in an age nearer to Homer's time by eighteen hundred years ; yet he found, even then, the state of the world so much altered, and the demand for elegance so much increased, that mere nature would be endured no longer ; and perhaps, in the multitude of borrowed passages, very few can be shewn which he has not embellished.

* Bentley was one of these. He and Pope, soon after the publication of Homer, met at Dr. Mead's at dinner, when Pope, desirous of his opinion of the translation, addressed him thus : ' Dr. Bentley, I ordered my bookseller to send you your books ; I hope you received them.' Bentley, who had purposely avoided saying any thing about Homer, pretended not to understand him, and asked, ' Books—books ! what books ?' ' My Homer,' replied Pope, ' which you did me the honor to subscribe for.'—' Oh,' said Bentley, ' ay now I recollect—your translation.—It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer.' II.

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There is a time when nations emerging from barbarity, and falling into regular subordination, gain leisure to grow wise, and feel the shame of ignorance, and the craving pain of unsatisfied curiosity. To this hunger of the mind, plain sense is grateful; that which fills the void removes uneasiness, and to be free from pain for a while is pleasure; but repletion generates fastidiousness; a saturated intellect soon becomes luxurious, and knowledge finds no willing reception till it is recommended by artificial diction. Thus it will be found, in the progress of learning, that in all nations the first writers are simple, and that every age improves in elegance. One refinement always makes way for another; and what was expedient to Virgil was necessary to Pope.

I suppose many readers of the *English Iliad*, when they have been touched with some unexpected beauty of the lighter kind, have tried to enjoy it in the original, where, alas! it was not to be found. Homer doubtless owes to his translator many Ovidian graces not exactly suitable to his character; but to have added can be no great crime, if nothing be taken away. Elegance is surely to be desired, if it be not gained at the expense of dignity. A hero would wish to be loved, as well as to be revered.

To a thousand cavils one answer is sufficient; the purpose of a writer is to be read, and the criticism which would destroy the power of pleasing

must be blown aside. Pope wrote for his own age, and his own nation; he knew that it was necessary to color the images and point the sentiments of his author; he therefore made him graceful, but lost him some of his sublimity.

The copious notes with which the version is accompanied, and by which it is recommended to many readers, though they were undoubtedly written to swell the volumes, ought not to pass without praise: commentaries which attract the reader by the pleasure of perusal have not often appeared; the notes of others are read to clear difficulties, those of Pope to vary entertainment.

It has however been objected, with sufficient reason, that there is in the commentary too much of unseasonable levity and affected gaiety; that too many appeals are made to the Ladies, and the ease, which is so carefully preserved, is sometimes the ease of a trifle. Every art has its terms, and every kind of instruction its proper style; the gravity of common critics may be tedious, but is less despicable than childish merriment.

Of the *Odyssey* nothing remains to be observed: the same general praise may be given to both translations, and a particular examination of either would require a large volume. The notes were written by Broome, who endeavored, not unsuccessfully, to imitate his master.

Of the *Dunciad* the hint is confessedly taken from Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*; but the plan is so

enlarged and diversified, as justly to claim the praise of an original, and affords, perhaps, the best specimen that has yet appeared, of personal satire ludicrously pompous.

That the design was moral, whatever the author might tell either his readers or himself, I am not convinced. The first motive was the desire of revenging the contempt with which Theobald had treated his *Shakspeare*, and regaining the honor which he had lost, by crushing his opponent. Theobald was not of bulk enough to fill a poem, and therefore it was necessary to find other enemies with other names, at whose expence he might divert the public.

In this design there was a great deal of vanity enough; but I cannot think it very criminal. An author places himself uncalled before the tribunal of Criticism, and solicits fame at the hazard of disgrace. Dulness or deformity are not culpable in themselves, but may be very justly reproached when they pretend to the honor of wit, or the influence of beauty. If bad writers were to pass without reprehension, what should restrain them? *impune diem consumpserit ingens Telephus*; and upon bad writers only will censure have much effect. The satire which brought Theobald and Moore into contempt, dropped impotent from Bentley, like the javelin of Priam.

All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful when it rectifies error and

improves judgment; he that refines the public taste is a public benefactor.

The beauties of this poem are well known; its chief fault is the grossness of its images. Pope and Swift had an unnatural delight in ideas physically impure, such as every other tongue utters with unwillingness, and of which every ear shrinks from the mention.

But even this fault, offensive as it is, may be forgiven for the excellence of other passages; such as the formation and dissolution of Moore, the account of the Traveller, the misfortune of the Florist, and the crowded thoughts and stately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph.

The alterations which have been made in the *Dunciad*, not always for the better, require that it should be published, as in the present collection, with all its variations.

The *Essay on Man* was a work of great labor and long consideration, but certainly not the happiest of Pope's performances. The subject is perhaps not very proper for poetry, and the poet was not sufficiently master of his subject; metaphysical morality was to him a new study, he was proud of his acquisitions, and, supposing himself master of great secrets, was in haste to teach what he had not learned. Thus he tells us, in the first Epistle, that from the nature of the Supreme Being may be deduced an order of beings such as mankind, because Infinite Excellence can do only what

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best. He finds out that these beings must be somewhere, and that 'all the question is, whether man be in a wrong place?' Surely if, according to the poet's *Leibnitian* reasoning, we may infer, that man ought to be, only because he is, we may allow that his place is the right place, because he has it. Supreme Wisdom is not less infallible in disposing, than in creating. But what is meant by *somewhere* and *place*, and *wrong place*, it had been vain to ask Pope, who probably had never asked himself.

Having exalted himself into the chair of wisdom, he tells us much that every man knows, and much that he does not know of himself; that we see but little, and that the order of the universe is beyond our comprehension; an opinion not very uncommon, and that there is a chain of subordinate beings 'from infinite to nothing,' of which himself and his readers are equally ignorant. But he gives us one comfort, which, without his help, he supposes unattainable, in the position 'that though we are fools, yet God is wise.'

This Essay affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendor of imagery, and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never was penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised. The reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse. When these

wonder-working sounds sink into sense, and the doctrine of the *Essay*, disrobed of its ornaments, is left to the powers of its naked excellence, what shall we discover? That we are, in comparison with our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of existence; and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. We may learn yet more; that the arts of human life, were copied from the instinctive operations of other animals; that if the world be made for man, it may be said that man was made for geese. To these plain principles of natural knowledge are added some moral instructions equally new; that self-interest, well understood, will produce social concord; that men are mutual gainers by mutual benefits; that evil is sometimes balanced by good; that human advantages are unstable and fallacious, of uncertain duration and doubtful effect; that our true honor is, not to have a great part, but to act it well: that virtue only is our own; and that happiness is always in our power.

Surely a man of no very comprehensive search may venture to say that he has heard all this before; but it was never till now recommended by such a blaze of embellishments, or such sweetness of melody. The vigorous contraction of some thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illustrations, and sometimes the dignity

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sometimes the softness of the verses, enchain philosophy, suspend criticism, and oppress judgment by overpowering pleasure.

This is true of many paragraphs; yet if I had undertaken to exemplify Pope's felicity of composition before a rigid critic, I should not select the *Essay on Man*; for it contains more lines unsuccessfully labored, more harshness of diction, more thoughts imperfectly expressed, more levity without elegance, and more heaviness without strength, than will easily be found in all his other works.

The *Characters of Men and Women* are the product of diligent speculation upon human life; much labor has been bestowed upon them, and Pope's labors labored in vain. That his excellence may be properly estimated, I recommend a comparison of his *Characters of Women* with Boileau's Satire; it will then be seen with how much more perspicacity female nature is investigated, and female excellence selected; and he surely is no mean writer to whom Boileau shall be found inferior. The *Characters of Men*, however, are written with more, if not with deeper, thought, and exhibit many passages exquisitely beautiful. The *Gem and the Flower* will not easily be equalled. In the women's part are some defects; the character of Atossa is not so neatly finished as that of Clodio; and some of the female characters

may be found perhaps more frequently among men; what was said of Philomede was true of Prior.

In the Epistles to Lord Bathurst and Lord Burlington, Dr. Warburton has endeavored to find a train of thought which was never in the poet's head, and to support his hypothesis, by pointing that first which was published last. One of the most valuable passages is perhaps the *Elegy on Good Sense*; and the other, the *End of the Reign of Buckingham*.

The Epistle to Arbuthnot, now arbitrarily called the *Prologue to the Satires*, is a performance consisting, as it seems, of many fragments wrought into one design, which by this union of scattered beauties contains more striking paragraphs than could probably have been brought together into an occasional work. As there is no stronger motive to exertion than self-defence, no part has more elegance, spirit, or dignity, than the poet's vindication of his own character. The meanest passage is the satire upon Sporus.

Of the two poems which derived their names from the year, and which are called the *Epilogue to the Satires*, it was very justly remarked by Savage, that the second was in the whole more strongly conceived, and more equally supported, but that it had no single passages, equal to the contention in the first, for the dignity of Vice, and the celebration of the triumph of Corruption.

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The Imitations of Horace, seem to have been written as relaxations of his genius. This employment became his favorite by its facility; the plan was ready to his hand, and nothing was required, but to accommodate, as he could, the sentiments of an old author to recent facts or familiar images; but what is easy, is seldom excellent; such imitations cannot give pleasure to common readers; the man of learning may be sometimes surprised and delighted by an unexpected parallel; but the comparison requires knowledge of the original, which will likewise often detect strained applications. Between Roman images and English manners there will be an irreconcilable dissimilitude, and the works will be generally uncouth and party-colored; neither original nor translated, neither ancient nor modern †.

Pope had, in proportion, very nicely adjusted to each other, all the qualities that constitute ge-

† In one of these poems, is a couplet, to which belongs a story that I once heard the reverend Dr. Ridley relate :

‘Slander or poison dread from Deha’s rage ;

‘Hard words, or hanging if your judge be ***.

Sir Francis Page, a judge well known in his time, conceiving that his name was meant to fill up the blank, sent his clerk to Mr. Pope, to complain of the insult. Pope told the young man, that the blank might be supplied by many monosyllables, other than the judge’s name;—‘but, sir,’ said the clerk, ‘the judge says that no other word will make sense of the passage.’—‘So those seems,’ says Pope, ‘your master is not only a judge, but a poet; as that is the case, the odds are against me. Give me respects to the judge, and tell him, I will not contend with one that has the advantage of me, and he may fill up the blank as he pleases.’ H.

nus. He had *Invention*, by which new trains of events are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the *Rape of the Lock*; and by which intrinsic and adventitious embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the *Essay on Criticism*. He had *Imagination*, which strongly impresses on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader, the various forms of nature, incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his *Eloisa*, *Windsor Forest*, and the *Ethic Epistles*. He had *Judgment*, which selects from life or nature what the present purpose requires, and by separating the essence of things from its concomitants, often makes the representation more powerful than the reality: and he had colors of language always before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expression, as when he accommodates his diction to the wonderful multiplicity of Homer's sentiments and descriptions.

Poetical expression includes sound as well as meaning; 'Music,' says Dryden, 'is inarticulate poetry;' among the excellencies of Pope, therefore, must be mentioned the melody of his metre. By perusing the works of Dryden, he discovered the most perfect fabric of English verse, and habituated himself to that only, which he found the best; in consequence of which restraint, his poetry has been censured as too uniformly musical; and as glutting the ear with unvaried sweetness. I

suspect this objection, to be the cant of those, who judge by principles rather than perception; and who would even themselves have less pleasure in his work, if he had tried to relieve attention by studied records, or affected to break his lines and vary his pauses.

But though he was thus careful of his versification, he did not oppress his powers with superfluous rigor. He seems to have thought with Boileau, that the practice of writing might be refined, till the difficulty should overbalance the advantage. The construction of his language is not always strictly grammatical; with those rhymes which prescription had conjoined, he contented himself, without regard to Swift's remonstrances, though there was no striking consonance; nor was he very careful to vary his terminations, or to refuse admission, at a small distance, to the same rhymes.

To Swift's edict, for the exclusion of Alexandrines and Triplets, he paid little regard; he admitted them, but, in the opinion of Fenton, too rarely; he uses them more liberally in his translation than his poems.

He has a few double rhymes; and always I think, unsuccessfully, except once in the *Rape of the Lock*.

Expletives he very early ejected from his verses; but he now and then admits an epithet rather commodious than important. Each of the six

first lines of the *Iliad* might lose two syllables with very little diminution of the meaning; and sometimes, after all his art and labor, one verse seems to be made for the sake of another. In his latter productions the diction is sometimes vitiated by French idioms, with which Bolingbroke had perhaps infected him.

I have been told that the couplet by which he declared his own ear to be most gratified was this :

Lo ! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

But the reason of this preference I cannot discover.

It is remarked by Watts, that there is scarcely a happy combination of words, or a phrase poetically elegant in the English language, which Pope has not inserted into his version of Homer. How he obtained possession of so many beauties of speech, it were desirable to know. That he gleaned from authors, obscure as well as eminent, what he thought brilliant or useful, and preserved it all in a regular collection, is not unlikely. When, in his last years, Hall's Satires were shewn him, he wished that he had seen them sooner.

New sentiments and new images others may produce ; but to attempt any further improvement of versification will be dangerous. Art and diligence have now done their best, and what shall be

added will be the effort of tedious toil and needless curiosity.

After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only shew the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us enquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed. Had he given the world only his version, the name of poet must have been allowed him: if the writer of the *Iliad* were to class his successors, he would assign a very high place to his translator, without requiring any other evidence of Genius.

The following Letter, of which the original is in the hands of Lord Hardwicke, was communicated to me by the kindness of Mr. Jodrell.

‘ TO MR. BRIDGES, at the Bishop of London’s
at Fulham.

‘ SIR,

‘ The favor of your Letter, with your Remarks, can never be enough acknowledged; and

the speed with which you discharged so troublesome a task, doubles the obligation.

‘ I must own, you have pleased me very much by the commendations so ill bestowed upon me ; but, I assure you, much more by the frankness of your censure, which I ought to take the more kindly of the two, as it is more advantageous to a scribbler to be improved in his judgment, than to be soothed in his vanity. The greater part of those deviations, from the Greek, which you have observed, I was led into by Chapman and Hobbes ; who are, it seems, as much celebrated for their knowledge of the original, as they are decryed for the badness of their translations. Chapman pretends to have restored the genuine sense of the author, from the mistakes of all former explainers, in several hundred places : and the Cambridge editors of the large Homer, in Greek and Latin, attributed so much to Hobbes, that they confess they have corrected the old Latin interpretation very often by his version. For my part, I generally took the author’s meaning to be as you have explained it ; yet their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, over-ruled me. However, Sir, you may be confident, I think you in the right, because you happen to be of my opinion : (for men (let them say what they will) never approve any other’s sense, but as it squares with their own.) But you have made me much more proud of, and positive

In my judgment, since it is strengthened by yours. I think your criticisms, which regard the expression, very just, and shall make my profit of them; to give you some proof that I am in earnest, I will alter three verses on your bare objection, though I have Mr. Dryden's example for each of them. And this, I hope, you will account no small piece of obedience, from one, who values the authority of one true poet above that of twenty critics or commentators. But, though I speak thus of commentators, I will continue to read carefully all I can procure, to make up, that way, for my own want of critical understanding in the original beauties of Homer. Though the greatest of them are certainly those of Invention and Design, which are not at all confined to the language: for the distinguishing excellences of Homer are (by the consent of the best critics of all nations) first in the manners (which include all the speeches, as being no other than the representations of each person's manners by his words); and then in that rapture and fire, which carries you away with him, with that wonderful force, that no man who has a true poetical spirit is master of himself, while he reads him. Homer makes you interested and concerned before you are aware, all at once; whereas Virgil does it by soft degrees. This, I believe, is what a translator of Homer ought principally to imitate; and it is very hard for any translator to come up to it, because the chief reason why all

translations fall short of their originals is, that the very constraint they are obliged to, renders them heavy and dispirited.

“ The great beauty of Homer’s language, as I take it, consists in that noble simplicity which runs through all his works ; (and yet his diction, contrary to what one would imagine consistent with simplicity, is at the same time very copious.) I don’t know how I have run into this pedantry in a Letter, but I find I have said too much, as well as spoken too inconsiderately ; what farther thoughts I have upon this subject, I shall be glad to communicate to you (for my own improvement) when we meet ; which is a happiness I very earnestly desire, as I do likewise some opportunity of proving how much I think myself obliged to your friendship, and how truly I am, Sir,

‘ Your most faithful, humble servant,

‘ A. POPE.’

The Criticism upon Pope’s Epitaphs, which was printed in *The Universal Visitor*, is placed here, being too minute and particular to be inserted in the Life.

EVERY Art is best taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety, than remarks on the works of those who have most excelled. I shall therefore endeavor, at this visit, to entertain the young students in poetry with an examination of Pope’s Epitaphs.

To define an epitaph is useless; every one knows that it is an inscription on a Tomb.—An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is indeed commonly panegyrical; because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends; but it has no rule to restrain or mollify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.

I.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

In the Church of Wytham in Sussex.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
 Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd.
 The scourge of pride, though sanctify'd or great,
 Or fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
 Yet soft in nature, though severe his lay,
 His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
 Blest satyrist! who touch'd the means so true,
 As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
 Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
 Yet sacred kept his friendship, and his ease.
 Blest peer! his great forefathers every grace
 Reflecting, and reflected on his race;
 Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
 And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

The first distich of this epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want, that the man for whom the tomb was erected, *died*. There

are indeed some qualities worthy of praise prescribed to the dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the lot of man, or incline us much to wonder that he should die. What is meant by 'judge of nature,' is not easy to say. Nature is not the object of human judgment; for it is in vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by nature is meant, what is commonly called *nature* by the critics, a just representation of things really existing, and actions really performed, nature cannot be properly opposed to *art*; nature being, in this sense, only the best effect of *art*.

The scourge of pride—

Of this couplet, the second line is not, what is intended, an illustration of the former. *Pride*, in the *Great*, is indeed well enough connected with *knaves* in state, though *knaves* is a word rather too ludicrous and light; but the mention of *sanctified* pride will not lead the thoughts to *fops in learning*, but rather to some species of tyranny or oppression, something more gloomy and more formidable than foppery.

Yet soft his nature—

This is a high compliment, but was not first bestowed on Dorset by Pope. The next verse is extremely beautiful.

Blest satyrist!—

In this Epich is another line of which Pope was not the author. I do not mean to blame these imitations with much harshness; in long performances they are scarcely to be avoided, and in shorter they may be indulged, because the train of the composition may naturally involve them, or the scantiness of the subject allow little choice. However, what is borrowed is not to be enjoyed as our own; and it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather.

Blest courtier!—

Whether a courtier can properly be commended for keeping his *ease sacred*, may perhaps be disputable. To please king and country, without sacrificing friendship to any change of times, was a very uncommon instance of prudence or felicity, and deserved to be kept separate from so poor a commendation as care of his ease. I wish our poets would attend a little more accurately to the use of the word *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in a serious composition, but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted or implied. A man may keep his friendship sacred, because promises of friendship are very awful ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burlesque sense, be said to keep his *ease sacred*.

Blest peer!—

The blessing ascribed to the *peer* has no connection with his peerage: they might happen to any other man, whose ancestors were remembered, or whose posterity were likely to be regarded.

I know not whether this epitaph be worthy either of the writer or the man entombed.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,
*One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King
William III.*

Who having resigned his place, died in his retirement at
Easthamstead in Berkshire, 1716.

A pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honor unchang'd, a principle profess'd;
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too,
Just to his prince, and to his country true.
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny:
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

In this epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the first view, a fault which I think scarcely any beauty can compensate. The name is omitted. The end of an epitaph is to convey some account of the dead; and to what purpose is any thing told of him whose name is concealed?

An epitaph, and a history of a nameless hero, are equally absurd, since the virtues and qualities so recounted in either are scattered at the mercy of fortune to be appropriated by guess. The name, it is true, may be read upon the stone; but what obligation has it to the poet, whose verses wander over the earth, and leave their subject behind them, and who is forced, like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help?

This epitaph is wholly without elevation, and contains nothing striking or particular; but the poet is not to be blamed for the defects of his subject. He said perhaps the best that could be said. There are, however, some defects which were not made necessary by the character in which he was employed. There is no opposition between an *honest courtier* and a *patriot*; for an *honest courtier* cannot but be a *patriot*.

It was unsuitable to the nicety required in short compositions, to close his verse with the word *too*: every rhyme should be a word of emphasis, nor can this rule be safely neglected, except where the length of the poem makes slight inaccuracies excusable, or allows room for beauties sufficient to overpower the effects of petty faults.

At the beginning of the seventh line the word *filled* is weak and prosaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it.

The thought in the last line is impertinent, having no connexion with the foregoing character,

nor with the condition of the man described. Had the epitaph been written on the poor conspirator * who died lately in prison, after a confinement of more than forty years, without any crime proved against him, the sentiment had been just and pathetic; but why should Trumbal be congratulated upon his liberty, who had never known restraint?

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,
ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR
HARCOURT,

At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

This epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance must concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation.

* Major Bernardi; who died in Newgate, Sept. 20, 1736. See Gent Mag. vol. 1. p. 125. N.

I cannot but wish that, of this inscription, the two last lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the sense.

IV.

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.
In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
RELI MAGNAE BRITANNIAE A SECRETIIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTORIBUS
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMORE ET DELICIAS
VIRI TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
ANNOS XLV PAVCOS, XXXV.
OB. FLB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, ~~not~~ friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear !
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honor'd by the Muse he lov'd.

The lines on Craggs were not originally intended for an epitaph ; and therefore some faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poems that first contained them. We may, however, observe some defects. There is a redundancy of words in the first couplet : it is superfluous to tell of him, who was *sincere, true,* and *faithful*, that he was *in honor clear*.

There seems to be an opposition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious where is the relation between the two positions, that he *gained no title and lost no friend*?

It may be proper here to remark the absurdity of joining, in the same inscription, Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used; for no reason can be given why part of the information should be given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb, more than in any other place, on any other occasion; and to tell all that can be conveniently told in verse, and then to call in the help of prose, has always the appearance of a very artless expedient, or of an attempt unaccomplished. Such an epitaph resembles the conversation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by signs.

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE.

In Westminster-Abbey.

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust;
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
'To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

Of this inscription the chief fault is, that it belongs to Rowe, for whom it was written, tho' to Dryden, who was buried near him; and indeed gives very little information concerning either.

To wish, *Peace to thy shade*, is too mythological to be admitted into a Christian temple: the ancient worship has infected almost all our other compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our epitaphs. Let fiction, at least, cease with life, and let us be serious over the grave.

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,
who died of a Cancer in her Breast†.

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;
No conquest she, but o'er herself desir'd;
No att'essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unreflect, so compos'd a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

I have always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes,

† In the North aisle of the parish church of St. Margaret Westminster. 11.

though not the splendor, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his final and lasting companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain. Of such a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard, and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verses?

If the particular lines of this inscription be examined, it will appear less faulty than the rest. There is scarce one line taken from common places, unless it be that in which *only Virtue* is said to be *our own*. I once heard a Lady of great beauty and excellence object to the fourth line, that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyric. Of this let the Ladies judge.

VII.

On the Monument of

THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY,
and of his Sister Mary, erected by their Father the Lord Digby,
in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth :

Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great.
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear :
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :
 Go, live, for heav'n's eternal year is thine,
 Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.

And thou, blest maid ! attendant on his doom,
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
 Not parted long, and now to part no more !
 Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known !
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief,
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
 These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,
 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give !

This epitaph contains of the brother only a general, indiscriminate character, and of the sister tells nothing but that she died. The difficulty in writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the diligence or ability of the writer: for the greater part of mankind *have no character at all*, have little that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad, and therefore nothing can be said of them which may not be applied with equal propriety to a thousand more. It is indeed no great panegyric, that there is inclosed in this tomb one who was born in one year, and

died in another ; yet many useful and amiable lives have been spent, which yet leave little materials for any other memorial. These are however not the proper subjects of poetry ; and whenever friendship, or any other motive, obliges a poet to write on such subjects, he must be forgiven if he sometimes wanders in generalities, and utters the same praises over different tombs.

The scantiness of human praises can scarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few epitaphs which he composed, found it necessary to borrow from himself. The fourteen epitaphs, which he has written, comprise about an hundred and forty lines, in which there are more repetitions than will easily be found in all the rest of his works. In the eight lines which make the character of Digby, there is scarce any thought, or word, which may not be found in the other epitaphs.

The ninth line, which is far the strongest and most elegant, is borrowed from Dryden. The conclusion is the same with that on Harcourt, but is here more elegant and better connected.

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER.
In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

Kneller, by Heaven, and not a master taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;

Here for two ages, having snatch'd from fate
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
 Lies crown'd with Princes' honors, Poets' lays,
 Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
 Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

On this epitaph the first couplet is good, the second not bad, the third is deformed with a broken metaphor, the word *crown'd* not being applicable to the *honors* or the *lays*, and the fourth is not only borrowed from the epitaph on Raphael, but of a very harsh construction.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

Here, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
 Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
 O! born to arms! O! worth in youth approv'd!
 O! soft humanity in age below'd!
 For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
 And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
 Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
 Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
 Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

The epitaph on Withers affords another instance of common places, though somewhat diversified, by mingled qualities, and the peculiarity of a profession.

The second couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleasing; exclamation seldom succeeds in our language; and, I think, it may be observed that the particle O! used at the beginning of a sentence, always offends.

The third couplet is more happy; the value expressed for him, by different sorts of men, raises him to esteem; there is yet something of the common cant of superficial satirists, who suppose that the insincerity of a courtier destroys all his sensations, and that he is equally a dissembler to the living and the dead.

At the third couplet I should wish the epitaph to close, but that I should be unwilling to lose the two next lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON.

At Easthamstead in Berkshire, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, Here lies an honest man:
 A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
 Whom Heaven kept sacred from the Proud and Great:
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace.
 Calmly he look'd on either life; and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heaven that he liv'd, and that he dy'd.

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The first couplet of this epitaph is borrowed from Crashaw. The four next lines contain a species of praise peculiar, original, and just. Here, therefore, the inscription should have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wise and good. The character of Fenton was so amiable, that I cannot forbear to wish for some poet or biographer to display it more fully for the advantage of posterity. If he did not stand in the first rank of genius, he may claim a place in the second; and, whatever criticism may object to his writings, censure could find very little to blame in his life.

XI.

ON MR. GAY.

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; in simplicity, a child:
With native humor tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end,
These are thy honors! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY.

As Gay was the favorite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon

degree of attention ; yet it is not more successfully executed than the rest, for it will not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labor. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

The two parts of the first line are only echoes of each other ; *gentle manners* and *mild affections*, if they mean any thing, must mean the same.

That Gay was a *man in wit* is a very frigid commendation ; to have the wit of a man is not much for a poet. The *wit of man*, and the *simplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar contrast, and raise no ideas of excellence, either intellectual or moral.

In the next couplet *rage* is less properly introduced after the mention of *mildness* and *gentleness*, which are made the constituents of his character ; for a man so *mild* and *gentle* to *temper* his *rage*, was not difficult.

The next line is inharmonious in its sound, and mean in its conception ; the opposition is obvious, and the word *lash* used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and improper.

To be *above temptation* in poverty and *free from corruption among the Great*, is indeed such a peculiarity as deserved notice. But to be a *safe com-*

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~~is~~ is a praise merely negative, arising not from possession of virtue, but the absence of vice, and ~~shape~~ of the most odious.

As little can be added to his character, by asserting that he was *lamented in his end*. Every man that dies is, at least by the writer of his epitaph, supposed to be lamented, and therefore this general lamentation does no honor to Gay.

The first eight lines have no grammar; the adjectives are without any substantive, and the epithets without a subject.

The thought in the last line, that Gay is buried in the bosoms of the *worthy* and the *good*, who are distinguished only to lengthen the line, is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh, when it is explained, that still fewer approve.

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortales

Testantur, *Tempus, Natura, Cælum:*

Mortalem.

Hoc marmor ~~testatur~~

Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night:

God said, *Let Newton be!* And all was light.

Of this epitaph, short as it is, the faults seem not to be very few. Why part should be Latin,

and part English, is not easy to discover. In the Latin the opposition of *Immortalis* and *Mortalis* is a mere sound, or a mere quibble; he is not *immortal* in any sense contrary to that in which he is *mortal*.

In the verses the thought is obvious, and the words *night* and *light* are too nearly allied.

XIII.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
who died in the 19th Year of his Age, 1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honors, and less noisy fame,
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham;
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and brave,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart:
And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to heaven.

This epitaph Mr. Warburton prefers to the [illegible] but I know not for what reason. To crown with reflection is surely a mode of speech approaching to nonsense. *Opening virtues blooming round*, is something like tautology; the six following lines are poor and prosaic. *Art* is in another couplet used for *arts*, that a rhyme may be had to *heart*. The six last lines are the best, but not excellent.

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The rest of his sepulchral performances hardly deserve the notice of criticism. The contemptible language between HE and SHE should have been suppressed for the author's sake.

In his last epitaph on himself, in which he attempts to be jocular, upon one of the few things that make wise men serious, he confounds the living man with the dead.

Under this stone, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, &c.

When a man is once buried, the question, under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot that, though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made. Such is the folly of wit when it is ill employed.

The world has but ~~but~~ new; even this wretched class seems to have been borrowed from the following ~~unpleasant~~ lines.

Ludovici Areosti humanantur ossa
Sub hoc marmore, vel sub hac humo, seu
Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres
Sive hærede benignior comes, seu
Opportunus incidens Viator :
Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed nec
Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver
Ut vitam cuperet parare vivens,
Vivens ista tamen sibi paravit.
Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro
Olim siquod haberetis sepulchrum.

Surely, Ariosto did not venture to expect that his trifle, would have ever had such an illustrious imitator.

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think, that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter, to imagine, that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest, so, on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment: therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man; and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the poets, in general, seem resolved not to own themselves in any error?

for as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments *.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed, poetry and criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic, for a writer's endeavor, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment, but such a critic's is to put them out of humor; though he could never go upon without both that, and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the faults of bad poets. What we call a genius is hard to be distinguished by a man himself from a strong inclination; and such a genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. His only method he has, is to make the experiment of writing, and appealing to the judgment of others; now, if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself,) he is immediately

* In the former editions it was thus — 'For as long as one side complies with a well-meant endeavor, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation,' — but the Author altered it, as the words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has not insisted.

made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavor to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write : and this, too, may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere ; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents ; and till such talents, as they have, are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them.—For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world ; and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at the season, when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature, given up to the ambition of fame ; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances : for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than

if he were a prince, or a beauty. If he has not very good sense, (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense,) his living thus in a course of flattery, may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb; if he has, he will, consequently, have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery; and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority: for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it; and it is to be feared, that esteem will seldom do any man so much good as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities, and these, to a man, will hate or suspect him; a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of; the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other

people, without being so severely remarked upon?

I believe if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a poet is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it, any way, one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare all this occasion; when methinks, I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favor. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these writings by prefaces, biased by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ, because it amused me; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published, because I was so desirous to please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant. I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last; but I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will

continue long, or which deserves to do so : for they have always fallen short, not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we ; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art to which their talent was most powerfully bent ; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have need the same industry, let us expect the same immortality ; though, if we took the same care, we should still lay under a further misfortune, they wrote in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride ! when the utmost we can hope is to be read but in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients ; and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense must have been common sense in all times : and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of

our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers: and indeed it is very unreasonable that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: but the true reason these pieces are not more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favor of the public is, that I have as great a respect for it as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe, no qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power

of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this, if any thing, that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice, in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this Collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies, or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my Pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems, as long as they last, remain as a testimony, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered, that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only

renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this Publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these Writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, that there are very few things in this Collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion; that I was never so concerned about my Works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended; that I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation; depreciated no dead author I was obliged to; bribed no living one with unjust praise; insulted no adversary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics not to take

too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries, the poets, to teach them, that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favored by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

Variation in the Author's Manuscript Preface,

AFTER line 1, page 183, it followed thus—For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology to them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency; but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and Nature that I was born with a love to poetry: for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining. *Cantantibus licet usque (minus via*

lædet.) It is a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are *amicæ omnium horarum*; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world, as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of Self-love upon Innocence. I had made an epic poem; and panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colors we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials, and sad experience, have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct, besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

After line 7, page 191.—In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavors to the finishing these pieces; that I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be

informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies ; and that I expect no favor on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old ; and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the wits will pardon me if I reserve some of my time to save my soul ; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

PASTORALS,
WITH A
DISCOURSE
ON
PASTORAL POETRY

[Written in the year 1704.]

*Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amæti,
Flumina amem, sylvaque, inglorius!* VIRG.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem; and it is my design to comprise, in this short paper, the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favor: you will also find some points reconciled about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world;

* Written at sixteen years of age.

and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably Pastoral *. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds, admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets choose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both †; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion; but, that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

* Fontenelle's Discourse on Pastorals. P.

† Heinsius in Theocr. P.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity *, brevity, and delicacy ; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age : so that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life ; and an air of piety to the gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity ; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing ; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short †, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief ; the whole eclogue should be so too : for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But, with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered ‡. This may be made to appear rather

* Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2. P.

† Rapin, Refl. x. sur l'Art Poët. d'Arist. p. 2. Mss. xxviii. P

‡ Pict. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg. P.

done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference; lest, by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries*. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety†. This variety is obtained, in a great degree, by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

* Fontenelle's Disc of Pastorals. P.

† See the forementioned Preface. P.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral; and since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil, (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers * and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup, in the First Pastoral, is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective: for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his Fourth and Fifth Idyllia. But it is enough, that all others learned their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and, in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such,

ΘΕΠΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΑΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi. P.

they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to *. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style ; the first of which, perhaps, was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the Moderns their success has been greatest, who have most endeavored to make these Ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser.—Tasso, in his *Aminta*, has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as, in his *Gierusalemme*, he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the Ancients.—Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil †.—Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the Ancients ; he is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his ex-

* Rapin Refl. on Arist. part. ii. Refl. xxvii.—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. P.

† Dedication to Virg. Ecl. P.

pression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons; whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues is very beautiful: since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description in other words, for three months together, or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass, that some of his Eclogues (as the Sixth, Eighth, and Tenth, for example) have nothing but

their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for Pastoral; that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's; that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments, not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works, as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING:

PASTORAL I.

OR,

DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBALL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains :
Fair Thames ! flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing ;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost !
O let my muse her tender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :
So when the nighungale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair :

The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd —

Daph. Hear how the birds on ev'ry bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day !
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
Why sit we sad, when Phoebus shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year ?

Streph. Sing, then, and Damon shall attend the
-streph.

While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow ;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

Daph. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines ;
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year ;
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie ?

Dam. Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses
sing ;

Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground ;
Begin—the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

Streph. Inspire me, Phœbus ! in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Grinnville's moving lays :
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

Daph. O, Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize;
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
The victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

Strepsh. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

Strepsh. O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep Amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield;
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

Daph. Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

Strepsh. All Nature mourns, the skies relent in
show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten; and the birds to sing.

Daph. All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh
and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

Stroph. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love.
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day :
 Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here ;
 But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

Stroph. Say, Daphnis ! say, in what glad soil
 appears,
 A wondrous tree, that sacred Monarchs bears ?
 Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
 And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

Daph. Nay, tell me first, in what more happy
 fields
 The thistle springs, to which the Lily yields :
 And then a nobler prize I will resign ;
 For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

Dam. Cease to contend : for, Daphnis ! I decree
 The bowl to Strophon, and the lamb to thee.
 Blest swains ! whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel ;
 Blest nymphs ! whose swains those graces sing so
 well !

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
 While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
 For see ! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

SUMMER :
PASTORAL II.
 OR,
 ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
 Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O Garth ! the Muse's early lays,
 That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays,
 Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
 From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams,
 Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
 To you I mourn ; nor to the deaf I sing,
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring ;
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay ;—
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they ?
 The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.

The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses! in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Can his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairest flocks, or richer fleeces shear;
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name;
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song;

The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
 Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring !
 Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
 For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
 And in one garland all their beauties join,
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear !
 Descending gods have found Elysium here.
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
 Come, lovely nymph ! and bless the silent hour,
 When swains from shearing seek their mighty
 bow is ;
 When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
 And, croud'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres
 yield.

This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
 Oh, deign to visit our forsaken seats,
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats !
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade ;
 Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 Oh ! how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise !

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
 The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
 And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall !

But see ! the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
 The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove ;—
 Ye Gods ! and is there no relief for love ?
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends :
 On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN :

PASTORAL III.

OR,

HYLAS AND AEGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays ;
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
 Ye Mantuan Nymphs ! your sacred succor bring ;
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,
 The art of Terence, and Menander's here ;
 Whose sense instructs us, and whose humor charms,
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms,
 Oh, skill'd in Nature ! see the hearts of swains,
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light ;
 When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
 Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains
 groan.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away !
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad turtle his lost love deploras,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores,
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs along !
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song ;
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny ;
 For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
 Ye Flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring ;
 Ye Birds that, left by summer, cease to sing ;
 Ye Trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love ?

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away !
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay :
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.—

PASTORALS.

What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise!
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain;
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye Pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease, my lay;
And cease, ye Gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor's groves ad-
mir'd;

Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain;
Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;

While curling smokes from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay !
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day ;
Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs ;
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away,
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strain !
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain ;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove :—
Just Gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay !
The shepherds cry, ' Thy flocks are left a prey.'—
Ah ! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep ?
Pan came, and ask'd, What magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?
What eyes but her's, alas, have pow'r to move !
And is there magic but what dwells in love ?

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strains !
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains ;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world,—but Love !
I know thee, Love ! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tygers fed,
Thou wert from *Ætna's* burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born !

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay !
 Farewel, ye Woods ; adieu the light of day !
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains ;
 No more, ye Hills, no more resound my strains !

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of
 night,
 The skies yet blushing with departing light,
 When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
 And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

WINTER :

PASTORAL IV.

OR,

DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

Lycidas.

THYRSIS ! the music of that murm'ring spring
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing ;
 Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
 Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
 Whilst silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 Oh, sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise !

Thyr. Behold the groves that shine with silver
frost,

Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain!
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

Lyc. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, ' Ye shepherds, sing around my grave !'
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

Thyr. Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal
spring;

Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring :
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd ;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone :

' Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
' Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more !'

'Tis done ; and Nature's various charms decay ;
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day !

Now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear,
Their faded honors scatter'd on her bier.

With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.

See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,

Ah ! what avail the beauties Nature wore ?

Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more !

The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,—

Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on
Above the clouds, above the starry sky! [high
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

Lyc. How all things listen, while thy muse complains!

Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright Goddess! oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odors give,
Thy name, thy honor, and thy praise shall live!

Thyr. But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dew;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye Vales, ye Mountains, Streams and
Groves;

Adieu, ye Shepherds' rural Lays and Loves;
Adieu, my Flocks; farewell, ye Sylvan Crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the World adieu!

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S *POLLIO*.

Advertisement.

IN reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretel the coming of CHRIST, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavored the same in this Imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation. P.

Ye Nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !
Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son :

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.]
Virg. *Lcl. iv. ver. 6.*

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna ;
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua maneat sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
Pacatumque reget patris virtutibus orbem.

From * Jesse's root, behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :
 Th' ætherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye † Heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The ‡ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
 Returning ¶ Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.

IMITATIONS.

' Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.'

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14. ' Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son.' Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. ' Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given ; the Prince of Peace : of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end : upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.' P.

Ver. 23. See Nature hastes, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

' For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings ; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocasia, with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1. ' The wilderness and the solitary

* Isa. xi. ver. 1.

‡ Ch. xxy, ver. 4.

POPE VOL. I.

† Ch. xlv. ver. 8.

¶ Ch. ix. ver. 7.

Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe ! be born.
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See * lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfume the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way † ! a God, a God appears !
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 O, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye Mountains ; and, ye Vallies rise ;
 With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay ;
 Be smooth, ye Rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
 The SAVIOUR comes, ‡ by ancient bards foretold ;
 Hear § him, ye Deaf, and all ye Blind behold !

IMITATIONS.

place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' Ch. lx. ver. 13. 'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.' P.

Ver. 29. Hark ! a glad voice, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere O magnos, aderi jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—

Ipsi lætæ voces ad sidera jactant

Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,

Ipsa sonant arbuta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca' Ec. v. ver 62

'Oh come and receive the mighty honors: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods ! O great increase of Jove ! The uncultivated mountains and shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, 'a God, a God''

* Isa Chap xxxv ver. 2

† Ch. xlii. ver 16.

‡ Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4

§ Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear ;
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In * adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good † shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd father ‡ of the future age.
 No more shall || nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;

IMITATIONS.

Isaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4. 'The voice of him that cryeth in the
 'wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the
 'desert a high way for our God.' 'Every valley shall be exalted,
 'and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crook-
 'ed shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.' Chap. iv.
 ver. 23. 'Break forth into singing, ye Mountains ! O Forest, and
 'every tree therein ! for the LORD hath redeemed Israel.'

* Isa. Chap. xxv. ver. 8.

† Ch. xl. ver. 11.

‡ Ch. ix. ver. 6.

|| Ch. ii. ver. 4.

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end,
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful * son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren † deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden virtues rise ;
 And starts, amidst the thirty wilds to hear
 'New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles and the bulrush nods.
 Waste ‡ sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;

Ver. 67. The swain in barren deserts.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,

Inculisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,

Et duræ quercus sudabunt rosida mella.

'The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red
 'grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks
 'shall distil honey like dew.'

Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7. 'The parched ground shall be
 'come a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water: in the ha-
 'bitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and
 'rushes.'—Ch. iv. ver. 13. 'Instead of the thorn shall come up
 'the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-
 'tree.' P.

Ver. 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ

Ubera, nec magnos metuant armenta leones—

Occidet et serpens, et omnis herba veneni

Occidet.——

'The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with
 'milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The
 'serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.'

* Isa. Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22. † Ch. xxxv. l, 7.

‡ Ch. xl. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13.

To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palm succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The * lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
 mead,
 And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless † serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial ‡ SALEM rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long || race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

IMITATIONS.

Isaiah. chap. xi. ver. 6, &c. 'The wolf shall dwell with the
 'lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf,
 'and the young lion, and the falling together; and a little child
 'shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And
 'the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the
 'weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.' P.

Ver. 85. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!] The
 thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the Poem,
 are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general excla-
 mations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

...toto surget gens aurea mundo!

...incipient magni procedere menses!

Aspice, venturo latentur ut omnia sæclo, &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah here
 cited. P.

* Isa. Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

‡ Ch. lx. ver. 1.

† Ch. lxxv. ver. 25.

|| Ch. lx. ver. 4.

See barbarous * nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan ‖ springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See Heav'n in sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun † shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and GOD'S eternal day be thine !
 The ‡ seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd His word, His saving power remains ;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH
 reigns !

* Ch. ix. ver. 3. ‖ Ch. ix. ver. 6. † Ch. ix. ver. 19, 20.

‡ Ch. ii. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

END OF VOL. I.

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POPE. VOLUME II.

Let go! and thus over all the creature's body,

Thou art the whole, the vast, the deep, the wide,

Thou art the all, the great, the good, the true,

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.

... POPE, the monarch of the tuneful train !
To whom be Nature's, and Britannia's praise !
All their bright honors rush into his lays !
And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
Which only poets, kings, and patriots feel !
Tho' gay as mirth, as curious thought sedate,
As elegance polite, as power clear,
Profound as reason, and as justice clear ;
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe,
As bounty copious, as persuasion sweet,
Like Nature various, and like Art complete ;
So fine her morals, so sublime her views,
His life is almost equal'd by his Muse

SAVAGE.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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Leigh, P. Wynne; J. Booker, and
SAMUEL BAGSTER.

1807.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HON.
GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non in iussa cano te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te nemo omne canet nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præcipit pagina nomen. VIRG.

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan Maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands, your aid, O Muses! bring,—
What muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song;
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
I like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruiz'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see, 15
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20
There interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each others shades;
Here in full light the russet plains extend ;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree, 30
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ; 40
Rich industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45
And kings more furious and severe than they ;

Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.) 50
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain:
The swain with tears his frustrate labor yields, 55
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man;
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains, 65
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind; 70
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst;
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod, 75
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.

Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.
 But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave ! 80
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey !
 Lo ! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries, 85
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise ;
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread ;
 The forest wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain. 90
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
 Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains ! while youth ferments your
 And puer spirits swell the sprightly flood, [blood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net. '
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd ground ;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106

Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest ;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And in high air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant
 springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings ;
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare :
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.)
 With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves, 126
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershad,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky. 130
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death ;
 Oft, as the mountain larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade,
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove,
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, I hames^t the fair Iodona nam'd,
(Iodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall list)
Scarcely could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But in the crescent and the golden zone 175
She could the praise of Beauty, and the care,
A beauteous just fillet binds her hair,
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds 180.
I char'd, as eager of the chase, the mud
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pursu'd and lov'd, and, burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly 185
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling
doves,

As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chase 190



Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears ;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears ;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun ;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air, 195
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
vain ; 199
' Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train,
' Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
' My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.'
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps, 205
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves. 210
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies ;
The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen, 215
And floating forests paint the waves with green.
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the'd flames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods !
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ; 220
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honors rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear, 225
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poets lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods ; 230
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sov'reign favors, and his country loves. 236
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires ;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease. 240
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields ;
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs ; 244
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;
Of ancient wit unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er ;

WINDSOR-FOREST.

Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good, 250
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow Nature, and regard his end ;
 Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amidst her kindred stars familiar roam, 255
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and Trumball thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless, 260
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens ;
 To Thames's banks, with fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow, 265
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
 flow.)

I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove ;
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike poets venerable made : 270
 Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's
 O early lost ! what tears the river shed, [tongue.
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led ?
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire, 275
 And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
 Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley
 strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung? 280
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
 Are these reviv'd ? or is it Granville sings ?
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes, 285
 To crown the forests with immortal greens ;
 Make Winsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;
 To sing those honors you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star. 290

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
 Surrey, the Granville of a former age :
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre, 295
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding
 shore, 300

Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains,
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains !
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age,

Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield ! 306
Then from her roofs when Verrio's colors fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear. 310

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps :
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain, 315
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites ; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone ;) 320
O fact accurs'd ! what tears has Albion shed !
Heav'n's ! what new wounds ! and how her old
have bled !

She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars, 325
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said, ' Let discord cease !'
She said ; the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head ; 330
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam ;

Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd, 335
 And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood :
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame ; 340
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave ;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave ;
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ; 345
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,) 350
 The god appear'd ; he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise ;
 Then bow'd and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace ! hail, long expected days, 355
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise !
 Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself though sev'nfold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ; 360
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.

Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train ; 365
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood :
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain ; 370
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace ;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold th' ascending villas on my side, 375
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide ;
Behold ! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend ! 380
There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come ;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British Queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor; now shall leave their
woods, 385
And half thy forests rush into the floods;
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen
pole; 390

Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow ;
 The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold, 395
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,—
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide ; 400
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
 The ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
 And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side ;
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire 405
 Our speech, our color, and our strange attire !
 O stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,
 Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more ;
 Till the freed Indians in their native groves
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves ; 410
 Peru once more a race of kings behold,
 And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
 Foul'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell ;
 Giantic pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there ;
 There purple Vengeance, bath'd in gore, retires,
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires :
 There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel ; 420

There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays,
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days;
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite, 425
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.

My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing. 430
Even I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains. 434

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.
AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

[Written in the Year 1712]

TO
MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this Piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humor enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the goodness, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the poets call

gels, or dæmons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies, let an action be ever so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrusian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his words understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrusians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both for its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The gnomes, or dæmons of earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable: for they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the Vision at the begin-

ning, or the Transformation at the end, except the loss of your hand, which I always mention with reverence) The human person is as feeble as the airy ones, and the character of Belinda, as it is now imagined, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this Poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your world, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so well insured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Seu juxta hoc precibus me tribuis e tuis*

MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes spring's,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due;
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to sully a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day;
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake,
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the
ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
 'I was he had summon'd to her silent bed
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head:
 A youth more glitt'ring than a birthnight-beau,
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow,)
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
 'Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
 Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
 If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant-thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;—
 Of airy elves by moonlight-shadows seen,
 The silver-tower, and the circled green,
 Of virgins visited by angel pow'rs,
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly
 flow'rs;
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
 Not that and thy narrow views to things below.
 So the secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To rudes alone and children are reveal'd.
 What though no credit doubting wits may give?
 The faint and innocent shall still believe.
 Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky,
 These though unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
 I think what an equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.

As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards,
Her joy in gilded chariots when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name;
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea;
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam;
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.'

' Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?—

'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,—
 Though Honor is the word with men below.'

 'Some nymphs there are too conscious of their
 face,

For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace.
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd ;
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear, [train,
 And in soft sounds, 'Your Grace' salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau.'

 'Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way ;
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 An old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To *one* man's treat, but for *another's* ball ?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving toyshop of their heart ;
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
 knots strive,
 Beaus banish beaus, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call ;
 Oh, blind to truth ! the sylphs contrive it all.'

'Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,
 I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
 But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where :
 Warn'd by thy sylph, oh, pious maid, beware !
 'Tis to disclose is all thy guardian can :
 Beware of all, but most beware of man !'

He said, when Shock, who thought she slept too
 long,

I cap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue
 'I was then, Belinda ! if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux,
 Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
 A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
 'To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
 'Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 'The various off'rings of the world appear ;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil,

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box ;
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face,
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown :
And Betty's prais'd for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams,
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths around her
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. (shone,
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those;
 Favors to none, to all she smiles extends,
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
 He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
 Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray:
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
 Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry power ador'd;
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.

There lay, three garters, half a pair of gloves;
 And all the trophies of his former loves;
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
 The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
 The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
 While melting music steals upon the sky,
 And soften'd sounds along the waters die.
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
 All but the sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
 Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
 He summons strait his denizens of air;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;
 Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
 That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
 Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light;
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glut'ring textures of the filmy dew,
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While ev'ry beam new transient colors flings,
 Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ;
His purple pinions open'd to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

‘ Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear !
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear !
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day ;
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky ;
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wint'ry main,
Or o'er the globe distil the kindly rain.

Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide ;
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.’

‘ Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care ;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale ;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flow'rs ;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;

Nay oft in dreams invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.'

' This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight ;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw ;
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade ;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart or necklace, at a ball ;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall,
Haste then, ye Spirits ! to your charge repair :
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And, Moinantilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Crispassa, tend her fav'rite lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.'

' To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat :
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
I hough stiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of
whale ;

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.'

' Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;

Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye ;
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;
 Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r ;
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !'

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend ;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair :
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
 flow'rs,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its
 name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom,—
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.

Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card;
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;—
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place,

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
 And four fair Queens whose hand sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
 Four Knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And party-color'd troops, a shining train,
 Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
 Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they

Now move to war her sable Matadores, [were.
 In show like leaders of the swarthy moors.

Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!

Let off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,

And marc' 'd a victor from the verdant field.

Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard

Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,

The hoary majesty of spades appears,

Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,

The rest his many-color'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,

Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;

Now to the Baron Fate inclines the field.

His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride ;
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread,
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The Baion now his Diamonds pours apace ;
Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green,
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye ;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance !) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now, (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate ;



An Ace of Hearts steps forth ; the King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen ;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky ;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.
O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to Fate.
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honors shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is
crown'd,

The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
From silver spoons the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide :
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band,
Some as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !

Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case :
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends ;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings by turns, blow back the hair ;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew
near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought :
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd !
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide
T' inclose the Lock ; now joins it to divide.
E'v'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. Canto III.

Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again;)

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their
last ;

Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie !

' Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine !
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atlantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live !
What time would spare, from steel receives its
date,

And monuments, like men, submit to Fate !
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph ! thy hair should
'The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel ?' [feel

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
 And secret passions labor'd in her breast.
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
 Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
 E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,
 As thou, sad Virgin ! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
 And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
 Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
 As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
 Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
 Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
 And in a vapor reach'd the dismal dome.
 No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
 The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
 Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
 And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
 She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
 Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne ; alike in place,
 But diff'ring far in figure and in face.

And stood full-nature, like an ancient maid,
 Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd !
 Her store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and
 MOONS,

Her hand is fill'd ; her bosom with lampoons.
 There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
 Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen ;
 Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
 Faints into airs, and languishes with pride ;
 On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
 The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapor o'er the palace flies ;
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ;
 Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
 Or bright, as visions of expiring straits.
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
 And crystal domes ; and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
 Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
 One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout ;
 A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks ;
 Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
 Men prove with child, as pow'rful Fancy works,
 And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
 A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
 Then thus address'd the pow'r—' Hail, wayward
 Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen, [Queen!
 Patient of vapors, and of female wit,
 Who give th' hysteric or poetic fit,
 On various tempers act by various ways,
 Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
 Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
 And send the godly in a pet to pray,
 A nymph there is that all your pow'r disdain'd
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintain'd.
 But, oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like citron waters matrons' cheeks refine,
 Or change complexions at a losing game;
 If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
 Or tumbled petticoats or tumbled beds,
 Or rais'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or compos'd the head-dress of a prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease;
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:
 That single act gives half the world the spleen.'

The goddess, with a discontented air,
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.
 A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds,
 Here she collects the force of female humors,
 Sighs, sobbs, and passions, and the war of tongues.

And she fills with fainting fears,
 Sorrow, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 Some rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issu'd at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 * O wretched maid ! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
 (While Hampton's echoes, ' Wretched maid !'
 reply'd)

Was it for this you took such contrivance
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ;
 For this your Locks in paper durance bound ?
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around ?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head ?
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?
 Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare ?
 Honor forbid ! at whose unrivall'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honor in a whisper lost !
 How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend ?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend !
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,

Canto IV. THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze ?

Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow ;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkees, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all. †

She said ; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids the beau demand the precious hairs ;
(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—' My Lord ! why, what the
 ' devil !

' Z—ds ! damn the Lock ! 'fore Gad, you must be
 ' civil !

' Plague on't ! 'tis past, a jest—nay, prithee, stop !
' Give her the hair'—He spoke, and rapp'd his foot.

It grieves me much (reply'd the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain ;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair,
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew,)
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke ; and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome ! forbears not so :
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.

As soon the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her self languishing, half drown'd in tears;
 Her bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which with a sigh she rais'd; and thus she said:
 'For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy, ah! ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
 By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land,
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful fond to roam?
 O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
 'Twas this the morning objects seem'd to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares.
 These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
 The sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;

Canto V. THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these.

CANTO V.

SHI said : the pitying audience melt in tears,
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa gracefully wav'd her fan ;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began :

‘ Say, why are beauties prais’d and honor’d most,
The wise man’s passion, and the vain man’s toast ?
Why deck’d with all the land and sea afford,
Why angels call’d, and angel-like ador’d ?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov’d
 beaux ?

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains ;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face !

Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away ;
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares pro-
 duce.

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint ;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay ;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to gray ;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid !—
What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose ?
And ~~that~~ me, Dear ! good humor can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ; {fail.
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd ;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestis call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms ! the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack ,
I ans clap, & lks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ,
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage ;

'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms ;
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound ;
 Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
 way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight ;
 Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,

A beau and witting perish'd in the throng ;

One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song :

' O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear ;

Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,

' Those eyes are made so killing'—was his last.

Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies

Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,

Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown ;

She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,

But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,

Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair ;

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;

At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual ~~blazing~~ ^{glaring} in her eyes;
 Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
 ' Now meet thy fate,' incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

' Boast not my fall, (he cry'd) insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shall be laid as low.
 Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'

' Restore the Lock!' she cries; and all around
 ' Restore the Lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound,

Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain :
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So Heav'n decrees ! with Heav'n who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,⁴
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
 And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound ;
 The courtier's promises, and sick men's pray'rs,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs ;
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upwards rise,
 Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes ;
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view,)
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light ;
 The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray ;

This the blest Hyer shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake ;
 This Particlar soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes ;
 And hence, th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright Nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost :
 For after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions stars, yourself shall die ;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust ;
 This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

The Argument.

PHAON, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamored of Sappho, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion; but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and sailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, hearkened to all the mad suggestions of despair; and seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from Leucata, a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in cases of obstinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the Lover's Leap. But before she ventured upon this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might be able to reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this Epistle; in which she gives him a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence; and endeavors, by all the artful insinuations and moving expressions she is mistress of, to soothe him to return, and a mutual feeling. [Anon.]

SAY, lovely youth! that dost my heart command,
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
 Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,
 The lute neglected, and the lyric muse:
 Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
 And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
 By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!
 Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires, 11
 While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
 No more my soul a charm in music finds:
 Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.

Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
 Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
 No more the Lesbian dames my passions move,
 Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;
 All other loves are lost in only thine,
 O youth, ungrateful to a flame like mine ! 20
 Whom would not all those blooming charms sur-
 prise,
 Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes ?
 The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
 A bright Phœbus Phaon might appear ;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
 Not Bacchus with Phaon could compare :
 Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame ;
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays, 31
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
 Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire.
 To me what Nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd :
 Though short my stature, yet my name extends
 To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40
 Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame ;

Turtles and doves of diff'rent hues unite,
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white. 42
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas ! by none thou canst be mov'd,
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd !
 Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy ; 50
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,
 For oh ! how vast a memory has love !
 My music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best ;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion
 fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
 'Till all dissolving, in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul enflame ;
 Why was I born, ye Gods ! a Lesbian dame ?
 But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs ! nor boast 65
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost ;
 Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus ! on your poet's pains ! 70

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

Shall my tune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun ?
 Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parents' ashes drank my early tears ;
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame, 75
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame ;
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas ! what more could Fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last, and greatest of my woes ? 80
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow ;
 No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
 Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind, 85
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind :
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please !
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love : 90
 So from my birth the sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come ;
 Or, while my muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains. 94
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
 Who might not—ah ! who would not be undone ?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100

Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O, scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take, at least, the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you :)
' Farewel, my Lesbian love !' you might have said ;
Or coldly thus, ' Farewel, O Lesbian maid !'
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive, 115
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give;
But this, ' Be mindful of our loves, and live.' 120
Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopt my freezing
blood; 126
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

~~That when~~ its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I send my tresses, and my breast I wound, 130
 I rage, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
 'And why this grief? thy daughter lives,' he cries.
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim,
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
 'Is thou not all my life and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night?
 O night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine, 150
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak,
 A thousand melting kisses give and take,
 Then fiercer joys,—I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
 And all things wake to life and joy but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again;

Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove,
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains, 161
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone. 166
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before ;
But, Phaon gone, these shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay ; 170
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return ;
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
All but the mournful Philomel and I :
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below ; 180
A flow'ry lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185
Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood :
She stood and cry'd, ' O you that love in vain !
' Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main ;

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

' ~~There~~ a rock, from whose impending steep,
 ' ~~From~~ she surveys the rolling deep ; 190
 ' ~~There~~ lov'd lovers, leaping from above,
 ' ~~There~~ flames extinguish, and forget to love.

' Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 * In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd : 194
 ' But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
 ' Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.

' Haste, Sappho! haste, from high Leucadia throw
 ' Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !

She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200

I go, ye Nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove ;
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love !

I go, ye Nymphs ! where furious love inspires ;
 Let female fears submit to female fires !

To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205
 And hope from ~~these~~ rocks a milder fate.

Ye gentle ~~Gales~~ beneath my body blow,
 And softly ~~lay me~~ on the waves below !

And thou, Wind Love ! my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,

Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane !
 On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,

And this inscription shall be plac'd below :

' Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
 * Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ; 215

' What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee ;
 ' The gift, the giver, and the god agree.'

But why, alas ! relentless youth, ah why
 To distant seas must tender Sappho fly ? 219

Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.

Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
Oh, far more faithless and more hard than they ?

Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast 224
Dash'd to these rocks, than to thy bosom press'd ?
This breast which once, in vain ! you lik'd so well ;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.

Alas ! the Muses now no more inspire,
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre ;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230
And fauce sinks beneath a weight of woe.

Ye Lesbian Virgins, and ye Lesbian Dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling
string : 235

My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine !)
Return, fair Youth ! return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigor to my song :
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires ; 240
But ah ! how fiercely burn the lover's fires !
Gods ! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?

The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air ! 245

Oh when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?

If you return—ah why these long delays ?

Poor Sappho dies, while careless Phaon stays.

O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain : 250
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales :
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 I'll fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be, 254
 To cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?)
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah ! let me seek it from the raging seas :
 To raging seas unpy'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love ! 259

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

The Argument.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty; but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated Letters, (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue, and Passion. [P.]

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten beat? 6
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd; 10
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies;
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays, 15
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round con-

stant sighs, and voluntary pains ;
 Rugged Rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;
 Grots and Caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn !
 Where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep ;
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
 Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not heav'n's while Abelard has part, 25
 Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart ;
 Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30
 O name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
 I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes are led
 Led through a sad and solitary bed ; 35
 Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !

There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame ;
 There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame. 40

Yet write, or write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to my griefs, and echo sighs to thine.

Not foes nor fortune take this pow'r away ;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they ? 44

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r ;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love
aspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires ;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's
name ;

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempt'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day. 64
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those, what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love;
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man. 70
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

Where, where was Eloise ? her voice, her hand,
 Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay ! that bloody stroke restrain ;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil, 111
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale ;
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars, as I drew, 115
 Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come ! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
 Still on that breast-~~enamor'd~~ let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd ;
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no ! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes ;
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah ! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls ; the desert smil'd,
 And paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited Heav'n ;
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the maker's praise. 140
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound,)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shade a solemn light ;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a second glorious ray, 145
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no more divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
 Pious fraud of am'rous charity ! 150
 But why should I on others' pray'rs depend ?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
 Ah ! let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love ! 154
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind ,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ; 160

No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid :
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose ;
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breathes a browner horror on the woods. 170

Yet here for ever, ~~never~~ must I stay ;
 Sad proof how ~~wild~~ a lover can obey !
 Death, ~~only~~ death, can break the lasting chain ;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain ;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch ! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
 Assist me, Heav'n ! but whence arose that pray'r ?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair ? 180
 Ev'n here, where frozen Chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;
 I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new ;
 Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget ! 190

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign, 195
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine,
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget! 200
 But let Heav'n seize it, all that once was fir'd;
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me Nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you;
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
 Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
 Labor and rest, that equal periods keep; 211
 'Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n:
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215
 And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins hymeneals sing; 220

To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day
 Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures of unholy joy :
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225
 Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee :
 O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
 How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight ! 230
 Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
 And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
 And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
 I wake ;—no more I hear, no more I view, 235
 The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
 I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
 I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
 To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
 Ye soft Illusions, dear Deceits, arise ! 240
 Alas, no more ! methinks we wand'ring go
 Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
 Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy
 creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps ;
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise ;
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

~~But~~ the Fates, severely kind, ordain
 No suspense from pleasure and from pain : 250
 No life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows
 As the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirits bid the waters flow ;
 Doft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, 255
 And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd, Religion disapproves,
 Ev'n thou art cold—yet Lloisa loves 260
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view !
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
 Stain all my soul, and ~~glow in my eyes.~~
 I wave the ~~main~~ lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image sits between my God and me ;
 Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
 With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
 One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
 Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight,
 In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
 While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
 Kind virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,

FLOISA TO ABBIARD

While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll;
 And dawning grace is op'ning to my soul;
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art;
 Oppose thyself to Heav'n; dispute my heart;
 Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
 Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
 Take back that grace, those sorrows and those tears;
 Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs; 286
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
 Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
 Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
 Nor share one pang of all I felt from thee.
 Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
 Forget, renounce me, hate what'er was mine.
 Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view,)
 Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu! 296
 O Grace serene! O Virtue, how thy fair!
 Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
 And Faith, our early immortality! 300
 Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Floisa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbor of the dead.
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls, 305
 And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

'Hither, come !' (it said or seem'd to say)
 'Thou art here, sad sister, come away !' 310
 'Thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 'Victim then, though now a sainted maid ;
 'As calm in this eternal sleep,
 'Here Grief forgets to groan, and love to weep ;
 'Ev'n Superstition loses ev'ry fear : 315
 'For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'
 I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bow is,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow.
 Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay, 321
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day !
 See my last tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Such as thy hand, and catch my flying soul !
 'Thy sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
 'The hallow'd tapestry of thy hand, 326
 'Present the last of my life's eye,
 'Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see !
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
 'I'll ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 O Death ! all-eloquent ! you only prove 335
 What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
 Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame de-
 stroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)

In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd, 339
 Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
 And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!
 May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
 If ever Chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds; 350
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 'O may we never love as these have lov'd!'—
 From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amidst that scene if some relenting eye 355
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heav'n,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
 And sure if Fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell: 364
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

TWO CHORUSES

THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE 1.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought,
Groves, where immortal sages taught;
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood:
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shade.

ANTISTROPHE 1.

O heav'n-born Siren, source of art!
Who charm the soul, or mend the heart,
Who lead for Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE 2.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore:

See Arts her savage sons control,
 And Athens rising near the pole !
 Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods ! what justice rules the ball ?
 Freedom and Arts together fall ;
 Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state !
 Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

O TYRANT Love ! hast thou possess
 The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast ?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.
 Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire
 Which Nature hath imprest ?
 Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
 The mild and gen'rous breast ?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve ;
 The gods and Brutus bend to love :
 Brutus for absent Porcia sighs,
 And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
 What is loose love ? a transient gust,
 Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
 A vapor fed from wild desire,
 A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.
 But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
 And burn for ever one ;
 Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
 Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of ev'ry social tie,
 United wish, and mutual joy !
 What various joys on one attend,
 As son, as father, brother, husband, friend !
 Whether his hoary sire he spies,
 While thousand grateful thoughts arise ;
 Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
 Or views his smiling progeny ;
 What tender passions take their turns,
 What home-felt raptures move !
 His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
 With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
 Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
 Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,

Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine.
 Purest love's unwasting treasure,
 Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
 Days of ease, and nights of pleasure ;—
 Sacred Hymen ! these are thine.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN
 UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moon-light shade
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?
 'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd ?
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
 Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,
 Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well ?
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?
 Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs, her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
 Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
 The glorious fault of angels and of gods ;
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,
 And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but ~~peep~~ out once an age,
 Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage;
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
 Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
 And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
 From these, perhaps, (ere Nature bade her die)
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
 As into air the purer spirits flow,
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left ~~one~~ virtue to redeem ~~her~~ race.

But ~~thou~~, false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long fun'ral blacken all the way,)
 Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield:
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
 So perish all, whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
 For other's good, or melt at other's woe.

What can atone, O ever injur'd shade !
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
 What, though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the 'public show ?
 What, though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?
 What, though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ersshade
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests,—without a stone, a name,—
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot :
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.



PROLOGUE TO CATO.

Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays ;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;
Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S

TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age ;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar springs to move,
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love :
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.

Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was ;
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye ;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons ! attend : be worth like this approv'd,
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn, the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd ;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song ;
Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage ;
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S
JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail-one of our Play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
'The play may pass—but that strange creature,
Shore,

I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—'
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
'How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!'
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without, betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams,

Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners ?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sin-
ners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends :
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving ;
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse ;
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his
life ?

Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife ;
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make ;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back ?
Though with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true, —
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you ?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the City :
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face ;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good ;
Faith, let the modest Matrons of the Town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

Advertisement.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his youth; for the most part, indeed, but a sort of Exercises, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried, by his early bent to Poetry, to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from Chaucer. They were first separately printed in miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto edition of 1717. The Imitations of English Authors were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old. [P.]

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

[Written in the Year 1711.]

Advertisement.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his Third Book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answer to their title. [P.]

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
And balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest, 5
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and
skies,

The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen, 15
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes,
There trees and intermingled temples rise;

Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 'The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore ;
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.

High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way ;
 'The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone ; 30

Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile Time subdu'd ;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd ; 35
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.

Critics I saw, that others' names deface,
 And fix their own, with labor, in their place ;
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40

Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun :
 For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel, 45

Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :
 The rocks high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.

Their names, inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last ;
These ever new, nor subject to decays, 51
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of Frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, 55
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play ;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky ;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years. 60

On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face 65
Of various structure, but of equal grace.
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.

Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arts or arms adorn, 70
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace :
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd, 75
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.

In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield; 80
 There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil;
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound,
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around;
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall.
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend, 90
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With fl'mond flaming, and barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
 And the great founder of the Persian name, 96
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand;
 The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachman's, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100
 These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbod'y'd
 shades

To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
 Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r, 105
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.

Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.
 But on the south, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace, 110
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostrius struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew;
 His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold; 115
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
 Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120
 There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around;
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood, 125
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood;
 Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung,)
 And youths that died to be by poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
 In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dies,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
 For thus romantic fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd. 140
 Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
 The friezes gold, and gold the capitals ;
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145
 The sage historians in white garments wait ;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms. 150
 High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The youth that all things but himself subdu'd ;
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan god.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone; 155
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.
 But chief were those who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought: 160
 High o'er the rest Epamionidas stood ;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind 165
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honors claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train; supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the god-like Socrates;
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell;
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names; 175
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
 Hold the chief honors, and the fane command.
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone,
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
 Father of verse¹ in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast; 185
 Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the pillars seen;
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall: 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;

Finish'd the whole, and labor'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unweary'd art :
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ; 205
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre ;
 Æneas bending with his aged sire ;
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
 ' *Arms and the Man*' in golden cyphers shone.
 Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for
 flight ;

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labor with th' inspiring god.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings. 215
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
 The champions in distorted postures threat ; 220
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire ;
 Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse. 225

The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace,
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here ;
The doves, that round the infant poet spread 230
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround ; 235
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman Rostra deck'd the consul's throne ;
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand ;
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies ; 245
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height,
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great ;
The vivid em'rals there revive the eye, 250
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various color'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ; 255

The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
 Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view ;
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long isles extend. 265
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
 A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
 A thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine ;
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd they sing ;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string ;
 With Time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
 And last, eternal, through the length of days. 275
 Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
 And all the nations summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall.
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ; 281
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285

Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend ;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same :
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honors crown'd ;
 Unlike successes equal merits found. 295
 Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First, at the shrine the learned world appear,
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
 ' Long have we sought t' instruct and please man-
 kind, 300

With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne.
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For fame is all we must expect below.' 305

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
 The golden trumpet of eternal praise ;
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around ;
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud, 310
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud ;
 By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.

At ev'ry breath were balmy odors shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread ; 315
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane.
' Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.'
" Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,
(Said I'ame), but high above desert renown'd : 325
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labor in your praise."

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
'The constant tenor of whose well-spent days 330
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the dreadful trump of Slander sounds,
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies, 335
In ev'ry ear incessant rumors rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke ;
The poisonous vapor blots the purple skies, 340
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armor
wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :

' For thee' (they cry'd) ' amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ; 345
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire through the purple flood.
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.'

' Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ; 351
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !'
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
 sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen,
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien ;
 ' Great Idol of mankind ! we neither claim

'The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !
 But safe in deserts from th' applause of men, 360
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen ;

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.

O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.' 365

" And live there men who slight immortal fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name ?

But, Mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.

Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath ; 370
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death."

She said : in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
 So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning angels lean'd from heav'n to hear ; 375
 To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd :
 ' Hither, (they cry'd,) direct your eyes, and see 380
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry ;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days ;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair : 385
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid ;
 Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name, 390
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.'

The Queen assents ; the trumpet rends the skies
 And at each blast a lady's honor dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast number
 prest
 Around the shrine, and made the same request : 39.
 ' What, you, (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise

To just contempt, ye vain pretenders! fall ; 400
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.'

Strait the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round ;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd. 405

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne ;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd ;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could
fix, 410

Of crooked counsels and dark politics ;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire.
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on
fire. 415

At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

'This having heard and seen, some pow'r un-
known
Straits chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the
throne ;

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air ;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
With ceaseless noise, the ringing walls resound ;
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ; 425

Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Previous to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes,
 The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third,
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings ad-
 vance, 440
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance ;
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impression make ;
 Another ambient circle then they move ;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above ; 445
 Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element,
 There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,

Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455
Of old mismanagements, taxations new ;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away, 460
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day ;
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign
lands ; 465

Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
They flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
And all who told it added something new, 470
And all who heard it, made enlargements too ;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance,
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below ;

~~They~~ sit aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force.
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon, 485
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through
 the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lie and truth contending for the way ; 490
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue through the narrow vent.
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now the truth and lie ,
 The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
 And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear,
 What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ? 500

" 'Tis true, (said I), not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of fame ?
 But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others' breath, 505
 Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
 Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)
 The great man's cure, without the gains, endure,
 Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ; 510

All luckless wits their enemies profest,
 And all successful, jealous friends at best.
 Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favors call ;
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase costs so dear a price, 515
 As soothing folly, or exalting vice ;
 Oh ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where Fortune leads the way ;
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fall'n ruins of another's fame ; 520
 Then teach me, Heav'n ! to scorn the guilty bays,
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown :
 Oh ! grant an honest Fame, or grant me none !

JANUARY AND MAY :

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
 In days of old, a wise and worthy knight,
 Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
 Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace ;
 Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights, 5
 He scarce could rule some idle appetites :

Not long ago, let priests say what they cou'd,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more : 10
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find ;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care, 15
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
Once, ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still ;
(For none want reasons to confirm their will ;) 20
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing ;
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his mature years.
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 25
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;
To sooth his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more : 30
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join ;
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past ;
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd, 35
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.

The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and Heav'n to please ;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day : 40
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure which envious tongues will
spare ?

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife 45
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;
A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50
All other goods by Fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heav'n.
Vain Fortune's favors, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass and glide away ;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife, 55
Abundantly supplies us all our life :
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possest,
Alone, and ev'n in paradise unblest, 60
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade.
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, and best reserv'd of God.

wife ! ah gentle deities ! can he 65
 That has a wife, e'er feel adversity ?
 Would men but follow what the sex advise,
 All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
 'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
 His father's blessing from an elder son ; 70
 Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife ;
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
 Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe ;
 At Esther's suit the persecuting sword 75
 Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
 Maturely ponder'd in his riper age ;
 And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
 Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
 His friends were summon'd on a point so nice 81
 To pass their judgment, and to give advice ;
 But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he,
 (As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

' My friends, (he cry'd) and cast a mournful look
 Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke ;) 86
 Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
 And, worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end ;
 How I have liv'd, alas ! you know too well,
 In worldly follies which I blush to tell ; 90
 But gracious Heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,
 With due regret I view my vices past,
 And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
 Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.

But since by counsel all things should be done, 95
And many heads are wiser still than one,—
Chuse ye for me, who best shall be content,
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.'

One caution yet is needful to be told
To guide your choice ; this wife must not be old :
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said, 101
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face :
In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed :
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed.
As subtle clerks by many schools are made, 109
Twice marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade ;
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.'

' Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss ;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss ;
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows ?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die :
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost for which I wed ; 120
To raise up seed to bless the Pow'rs above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I dote ; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life :

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

Those that are blest with store of grace divine, 125
~~May~~ live like saints by Heav'n's consent and mine.'

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
 (As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
 My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
 And a new vigor springs in ev'ry part. 130
 Think not my virtue lost, though Time has shed
 These rev'rend honors on my hoary head :
 Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
 The vital sap then rising from below.

Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135
 Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
 Now, Sirs, ye know to what I stand inclin'd,
 Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.'

He said ; the rest in diff'rent parts divide ;
 The knotty point was urg'd on either side : 140
 Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
 Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
 Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wile,—
 There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
 Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
 ' Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
 As plainly proves experience dwells with years !
 Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice, 151
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice ;
 But, with the Wise Man's leave, I must protest,
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
 As still I hold your own advice the best.' 155

' Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their way
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will. 159

Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, ' Your Honor's in the right.'
Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought :
A noble fool was never in a fault. 165

This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord :
Your will is mine ; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man ;
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days. 171

Indulge the vigor of your mounting blood,
And let gray fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence.' 175

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

' A Heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180
To those of gen'rous principles and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away ;
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least : 185

Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
 Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;
 Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
 Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
 'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190
 In all the world, much less in womankind ;
 But if her virtues prove the larger share,
 Bless the kind Fates, and think your fortune rare.
 Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend ;
 And spite of all his praises must declare, 196
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
 Heav'n knows I shed full many a private tear,
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear ;
 While all my friends applaud my blissful life, 200
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife ;
 Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun !
 But, by th' immortal Pow'rs, I feel the pain ;
 And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205
 Do what you list for me ; you must be sage,
 And cautious sure : for wisdom is in age.
 But at these years to venture on the fair !
 By him who made the ocean, earth and air,
 To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
 Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can choose
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
 If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
 My tedious sermon here is at an end.' 215

‘ ’Tis well, ’tis wondrous well, (the knight replies)

Most worthy kinsman, faith you’re mighty wise !
We, Sirs, are fools ; and must resign the cause
To Heath’nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.’

He spoke with scorn, and turn’d another way :—

‘ What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say ?’

‘ I say, (quoth he) by Heav’n the man’s to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock’s holy name.’

At this the council rose, without delay ;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way ; 225
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas’d,
The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas’d.

Who now but January exults with joy ?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ ; 229
Each nymph by turns his wav’ring mind possest,
And reign’d the short-liv’d tyrant of his breast ;
Whilst Fancy pictur’d ev’ry lively part,
And each bright image wander’d o’er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fix’d on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by ; 235
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o’er the polish’d glass.
This lady’s charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers’d her fame ;
That was with sense, but not with virtue blest ;
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest. 241
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix’d at last upon the youthful May.

Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,
 But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind : 245
 Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
 Her easy motion, her attractive air,
 Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
 Her moving softness, and majestic grace. 249

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
 And thought no mortal could dispute his choice ;
 Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
 And told them all their puns were at an end.
 ' Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a consort worthy of my bed : 255
 Let none oppose th' election, since on this
 Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.'

' A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
 Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise ;
 Chaste, though not rich, and, though not nobly
 born, 260

Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
 Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please,
 To pass my age in sanctity and ease,
 And thank the Pow'rs, I may possess alone
 The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none !
 If you, my friends, this virgin can procure, 266
 My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

On only doubt remains full oft, I've heard,
 Pychus's grave, and deep divines aver'd,
 That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
 The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below :

Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these ;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.'

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
' Sir Knight, (he cry'd) if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt whenc'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent, 280
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent !
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair :
See !, and perhaps you'll find among the fair, 285
One, that may do your bus'ness to a hair ;
Not ev'n in wish your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way :
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow : 290
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ ;
Let Reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute ;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer ;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.'

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd ;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300

The parents, you may think, would soon comply :
 The old have int'rest ever in their eye,
 Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind :
 When Fortune favors, still the fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed, 305
 Too long for me to write, or you to read ;
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
 The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout intent ; 310
 Forth came the priest and bade th' obedient wife
 Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life ;
 Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
 And make all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide, 315
 The guests appear in order, side by side,
 And, plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride.
 The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound ;
 The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trem-
 bling string.

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
 Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
 Nor fierce Theodomas, whose sprightly strain
 Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial
 train. 325

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
 (So poets sing) was present on the place ;
 And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,

Shook high her flaming torch in open sight, 329
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry knight.
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye Bards ! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day :
The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340
The beautiful dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her lord.
Not Esther's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king :
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345
And fresh and blooming as the month of May
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride.
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r 351
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went
round.
With od'ious spices they perfum'd the place, 355
And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
 Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain ;
 Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
 Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire : 360
 His lovely mistress all his soul possest,
 He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest.
 His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
 Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
 There let him lie ; till his relenting dame 365
 Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,
 Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light ;
 While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
 And night's dark mantle overspread the sky. 370
 Then rose the guests, and as the time requir'd,
 Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
 So keen he was, and eager to possess ;
 But first thought fit th' assistance to receive, 375
 Which grave physicians scruple not to give ;
 Satyrion near, with hot eringoes stood,
 Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
 Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
 And critics learn'd explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
 The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
 What next ensu'd beseems not me to say ;
 'Tis sung, he labor'd till the dawning day.

'Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night, 386
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay.
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast: 390
For ev'ry labor must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire opprest,
Sleep fled his cyes, and peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell. 395
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapt in silk, and laid upon his heart. 399

When now the fourth revolving day was run,
(For June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side;
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall:
The servants round stodd ready at their call. 405
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent; 410
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May;

Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view ! 415
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'r's divine,
 With secret vows, to favor his design.

Who studies now but discontented May ?
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay :
 The lumpy husband snor'd away the night, 420
 'Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
 What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
 Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell :
 Honest and dill in nuptial bed they lay,
 'Till the bell to'ld, and all arose to pray. 425

Went it by forceful Destin, decreed,
 Or did from Chance, or Nature' pow'r proceed ;
 Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
 Shed its sweetest influence from above,
 Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430
 Felt the first motions of an infant flame,
 Receiv'd th' impressions of th' love-sick Squire,
 And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye Fair, draw near, let May's example move
 Your gentle minds to pity those who love ! 435
 Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
 The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd ;
 But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
 Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale . Some sages have defin'd 440
 Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind ;
 Our knight (who studied much, we may suppose)
 Deriv'd his high philosophy from those :

For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence : 445
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone ;
Priapus could not half describe the grace 450
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place :
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance ;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd :
About this spring (if ancient Fame say true)
The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue ;
Then pigmy king, and little fairy queen, 461
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merrý concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble Knight would oft repair, 465
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat ; 470
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May ;

For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous Knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah ! what mortal lives of bliss secure ? 475
How short a space our worldly joys endure !
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind !
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit ! 480
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490
And sigh'd full oft ; but sigh'd and wept in vain ;
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye ;
For oh, 'twas fix'd—she must possess or die !
Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writing to disclose his pain ;
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah ! gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Though they could see as far as ships can sail ?

'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see !

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes 503
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, 'wisely, nev'r thinks the case his own.
The dame, at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear ;
She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
And gave th' impression to the trusty squire.

By means of this some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What flight is that which Love will not explore ;
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show, 516
The fittest true lovers, when they list, can do
Though watch'd and captiv'd, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray, 520
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was ur'd to am'rous play :
He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sang

'Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes ;
Arise, my wife, my beautiful lady, rise ! 526
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain
The winter's past, the clouds and tempests fly ;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.

Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part 531
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart ;
 Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
 Joy of my life, and comfort of my age !'

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made
 To haste before ; the gentle Squire obey'd ; 536
 Secret and undescri'd he took his way,
 And ambush'd close behind an arbor lay.

It was not long ere January came,
 And hand in hand with him his lovely dame ; 540
 Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
 He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

' Here let us walk, (he said) observ'd by none,
 Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :
 So may my soul have joy, as thou my wife 545
 Art far the dearest solace of my life ;
 And rather would I choose, by Heav'n above,
 To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
 Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
 When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own, }
 And sought no treasure but thy heart alone. }
 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight, 550 }
 Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight, }
 Nor age, nor blindness, rob me of delight. }
 Each other loss with patience I can bear, 555
 The loss of thee is what I only fear.

' Consider then, my lady and my wife,
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
 As first, the love of Christ himself you gain ;
 Next, your own honor undefil'd maintain ; 560

And, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love.

Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heav'n it shall be done.

I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565

And will perform, by this—my dear—and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind:

For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age, 570

From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,

Such secret transports warm my melting heart.

For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
(Could live one moment absent from thy arms?)

He ceas'd; and May with modest grace reply'd,
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd)

'Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;

And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honor, will to death defend. 580

To you in holy church I gave my hand,

And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band;

Yet after this, if you distrust my care,

Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear:

'First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend; 586

Or die the death I dread no less than hell,

Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well;

Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,

Or once renounce the honor of my race. 590

For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came ;
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name.
 But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect ;
 Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me ? 595
 These doubts and fears of female constancy ?
 This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
 The only strain a wife must hope to hear.'

Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
 Where Damian kneeling, worshipp'd as she past.
 She saw him watch the motions of her eye, 601
 And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh.
 'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
 And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
 Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
 And, climbing, in the summit took his place ;
 The Knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
 Where let us leave them, and our Tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
 His heav'nly progress through the Twins had run :
 And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields, 611
 To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields :
 Clear was the day, and Phæbus, rising bright,
 Had streak'd the azure firmament with light ; 614
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
 And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,
 The furies sported on the garden-side,
 And in the midst their monarch and his bride.

So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round, 620
 The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound,
 That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the
 ground.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
 For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain ;
 While, on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
 Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.

' 'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
 The treachery you women use to man :
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

' Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
 A wiser monarch never saw the sun :
 All wealth, all honors, the supreme degree
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee !
 For sagely hast thou said, ' Of all mankind, 635
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find.
 But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
 Yet one good woman is not to be found.'

' Thus says the King, who knew your wicked-
 ness ;
 The son of Sirach testifies no less. 640
 So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
 Or some devouring plague consume you all :
 As well you view the lecher in the tree,
 And well this honorable Knight you see :
 But since he's blind and old (a helpless case) 64.
 His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

‘ Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
 And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
 No impious wretch shall ’scape unpunish’d long,
 That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650

I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
 And, in the very act, restore his sight;
 And set the strumpet here in open view,
 A warning to these ladies, and to you,
 And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.’

“ And will you so, (reply’d the Queen) in-
 deed? 656

Now, by my mother’s soul, it is decreed,
 She shall not want an answer at her need.
 For her, and for her daughters, I’ll engage,
 And all the sex in each succeeding age ; 660
 Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
 And fortify their crimes with confidence.
 Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
 Seen with both eyes, and pinion’d on the place ;
 All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665
 Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear ;
 Till their wise husbands, gull’d by arts like these,
 Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

“ What though this sland’rous Jew, this Solomon,
 Call’d women fools, and knew full many a one ; 670
 The wiser wits of later times declare,
 How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are :
 Witness the martyrs, who resign’d their breath,
 Serene in torments, unconcern’d in death ;

And witness next what Roman authors tell, 675
How Arria, Porcia, and Lucretia fell.

“ But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we ?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in Him alone, 680
Who only Is, and is but only One.—
But grant the worst ;—shall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon hath said ?
What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fan temple to the Lord of Hosts ; 685
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.
Be ware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater ;
Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ, 690
Did but for David's righteous sake permit ;
David, the Monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honor'd all our kind.

“ Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak ;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities, 696
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies :
By Heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.”

“ Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not
wroth : 700

I yield it up ; but since I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd Knight again should see,
It must be done—I am a King, (said he)

And one whose faith has ever sacred been—'

"And so has mine, (she said,)—I am a Queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake; 706
And thus an end of all dispute I make.

Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word."

We leave them here in this heroic strain, 710

And to the Knight our story turns again;

Who in the garden, with his lovely May,

Sung merrier than the cuckow or the jay:

This was his song; 'Oh kind and constant he,

'Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.' 715

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,

By easy steps to where the pear-tree grew;

The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her love

Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.

She stopp'd, and sighing; 'Oh, good Gods! (she
cry'd) 720

What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?

For that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;

Help, for the love of Heav'n's immortal Queen!

Help, dearest Lord, and give at once the life

Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife! 725

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his lady's cry,

But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:

Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,

What could, alas! a helpless husband do?

"And must I languish then, (she said) and die,

Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye? 731

At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take ;
 Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;
 Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me." 738

' With all my soul, (he thus reply'd again)
 I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.'
 With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
 She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all !
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall ; 741
 'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd ;
 Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
 What feats the lady in the tree might do,
 I pass, as gambols never known to you ; 745
 But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
 Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo ! the wond'ring Knight
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
 Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750
 As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent ;
 But when he saw his bosom wife so dress'd,
 His rage was such as cannot be express'd :
 Not frantic mothers, when their infants die,
 With louder clamors rend the vaulted sky : 755
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair ;
 ' Death ! hell ! and furies ! what dost thou do there ?'

" What ails my Lord ? (the trembling dame
 reply'd)
 I thought your patience had been better try'd.

Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind, 760

This my reward for having cur'd the blind ?

Why was I taught to make my husband see,

By struggling with a man upon a tree ?

Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove ?

Unhappy wife whose crime was too much love !"

' If this be struggling, by this holy light, 766

'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight,)

So Heaven preserve the sight it has restor'd,

As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd ;

Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch ! may Hell

As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.' 771

" Guard me, good Angels ! (cry'd the gentle
May)

Pray Heav'n, this magic work the proper way !

Alas, my love ! 'tis certain, could you see,

You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me : 775

For help me, Fates ! as 'tis no perfect sight,

But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light."

' What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,

For by th' immortal Pow'rs, it seem'd too plain—'

" Be all those Pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your
mind 780

(Reply'd the dame), are these the thanks I find,

Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind !"

She said, a rising sigh express'd her woe,

The ready tears apace began to flow,

And as they fell she wip'd from either eye 785

'The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).

The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd

Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd
' Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er !

Come down, and vex your tender heart no more :
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said, 791

For, on my word, amends shall soon be made :
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw ;

By Heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.'

" Ah, my lov'd Lord ! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd) 795

On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.

But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,

Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.

Thus, when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray, 800

And dusky vapors rise, and intercept the day :

So just recover'ing from the shades of night,

Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,

Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
your sight.

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem ; 805

Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they
seem !

Consult your reason, and you soon shall find

'Twas you were jealous, not your wife *unkind*.

Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this, 809

' None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.'

With that she leap'd into her lord's embrace,

With well-dissembled virtue in her face.

He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more :
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual
vows, 815

A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our Tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take ;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives. 820

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

OCCASIONED BY THE
DEATH OF MR. POPE.

Inscribed to
MR. WARBURTON.

BY J. BROWN, A. M.

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AN ESSAY ON SATIRE.

PART I.

FATE gave the word ; the cruel arrow sped,
 And Pope lies number'd with the mighty dead !
 Resign'd he fell ; superior to the dart
 That quench'd its rage in Your's and Britain's heart.
 You mourn ; but Britain, lull'd in rest profound. 5
 (Unconscious Britain !) slumbers o'er her wound.
 Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting light,
 And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night ;
 Rouz'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
 And counts the triumph of her growing reign ; 10
 With inextinguishable rage they burn,
 And snake-hung Envy hisses o'er his urn ;
 Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam
 To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.

But you, O Warburton ! whose eye refin'd 15
 Can see the greatness of an honest mind ;
 Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
 And taste the raptures of a pure delight ;
 You visit oft his awful page with care,
 And view the bright assemblage treasur'd there ; 20
 You trace the chain that links his deep design,
 And pour new lustre on the glowing line.
 Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse
 Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues :

Intent, from this great archetype to draw 25
Satire's 'bright form, and fix her equal law ;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may compre-
hend,

And rev'rence his and Satire's gen'rous end.

In ev'ry breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame ; 30
The passion one, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood, feel the heart-born fire :
The charms of praise the coy, the modest, woo, 35
And only fly that glory may pursue :
She, pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great,
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet ;
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade. 40

Thus Heav'n in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame ;
But man, vain man ! in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies ;
With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call, 45
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd substance quits the true ;
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory plunges deep in vice ; 50
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious Nature plies her part,
And still her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each pow'r, that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy, 55
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy :
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course ;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before. 60

And sure the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,
Our worst of evils, is perverted shame :
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own !
Meanly by fashionable fear oppress, 65
We seek our virtues in each other's breast ;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70
Tir'd in the treach'rous chace, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like Scylla, quit the field :
The dæmon Shame paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, ' The world will call you
Fool.' 74

Behold yon wretch, by impious fashion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heav'n.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown ;
Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod,
To man a coward, and a *brave* to God. 80

Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself, now quit their hold,
When to false fame the captiv'd heart is sold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentless Cato dy'd ;
Nought could subdue his virtue but his pride:
Hence chaste Lucretia's innocence, betray'd, 85
Fell by that honor which was meant its aid.
Thus virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence Satire's pow'r : 'tis her corrective part
To calm the wild disorders of the heart. 90
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise ;
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire ;
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise, 95
And bids the hag in native horror rise ;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Though oft she mounts those ills she cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthless fear ; 101
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain ;
Desponding fops resign the clouded cane. 106
Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art most subtly true,
From pois'nous vice she draws a healing dew. 110

Weak are the ties that civil arts can find
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind :
Cunning evades, securely wrapp'd in wiles,
And Force, strong-sinew'd, rends th' unequal toils ;
The stream of vice impetuous drives along, 115
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong.
Ev'n fair Religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise ;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain. 120
But satire's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast :
She plays a ruling passion on the rest ;
Undaunted, storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the brave that earth and heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground,
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold satire shakes the tyrant on her throne ;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain. 130
But with the friends of Vice, the foes of satire,
All truth is spleen, all just reproof ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill ;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill :
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's spear, 135
Reveals the cloven hoof or lengthen'd ear ;
Bids vice and folly take their nat'ral shapes,
Turn dutchesses to strumpets, beaux to apes ;
Drags the vile whisp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the dæmon starts up from the toad. 140

O sordid maxim ! form'd to screen the vile,
 ' That true good-nature still must wear a smile !'
 In frowns array'd, her beauties stronger rise,
 When love of virtue wakes her scorn of vice.
 Where justice calls 'tis cruelty to save, 145
 And 'tis the laws' good-nature hangs the knave.
 Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend ;
 Then judge of satire's merit by her end :
 To guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd ;
 The object of her love is all mankind. 150
 Scarce more the friend of man, the wise must own,
 Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand than satire's frown :
 This to chastise, as that to bless, was giv'n,
 Alike the faithful ministers of Heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent ; 155
 Though strong th' example, weak the punishment.
 Thy least are paid, who merit satire most :
 Folly the Laureat's, vice was Chartres' boast.
 Then where's the wrong to gibbet high the name
 Of fools and knaves, already dead to shame ? 160
 Oft satire acts the faithful surgeon's part ;
 Gen'rous and kind, though painful is her art :
 With caution bold she only strikes to heal,
 Though Folly raves to break the friendly steel.
 Then sure no fault impartial satire knows, 165
 Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
 Whose is the crime the scandal too be theirs :
 The Knave and Fool are their own libellers.

 PART II.

DARE nobly then; but, conscious of your trust,
 As ever warm and bold, be ever just; 170
 Nor court applause in these degen'rate days:
 The villain's censure is extorted praise;
 But chief, be steady in a noble end,
 And shew mankind that truth has yet a friend.
 'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write, 175
 As foplings grin to shew their teeth are white.
 To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
 Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile;
 'Tis doubly vile when, but to prove your art,
 You fix an arrow in a blameless heart. 180
 O lost to Honor's voice, O doom'd to shame,
 Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame!
 Fell ravisher, from innocence to tear
 That name than liberty, than life, more dear!
 Where shall thy baseness meet its just return? 185
 Or what repay their guilt but endless scorn?
 And know, immortal truth shall mock thy toil;
 Immortal truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
 With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart,
 And empty all its poison in thy heart. 190
 With caution next the dang'rous pow'r apply;
 An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
 Let satire then her proper object know,
 And ere she strike be sure she strike a foe,

Nor fondly deem the real fool confest, 195
Because blind ridicule conceives a jest ;
Before whose altar virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd victim shall be led.
Lo ! Shaftsb'ry rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honors not her own : 200
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Profaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke !
Come let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the idiot guide for once is true ;
Deside our weak forefather's musty rule, 205
Who therefore smil'd because they saw a fool ;
Sublimar logic now adorns our isle,
We therefore see a fool because we smile,
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek ?
Lo ! gay she sits, in Laughter's dimpled cheek ; 210
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce freethinker and the beau.
Dadalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand 215
Shall work Herculean wonders through the land ;
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain
You, mighty Warburton ! shall rage in vain :
In vain the trackless maze of truth you scan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man. 220
No more shall reason boast her pow'r divine,
Her base eternal shook by Folly's mine !
Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win,
And coxcombs vanquish Berkley by a grin.

But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is e'er explor'd by ridicule : 226
On truth, on falsehood, let her colors fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all :
As the gay prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye. 230
Beware the mad advent'rer : bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind ;
Deaf as the storm to sinking virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside, 235
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide ;
Then mirth may urge when reason can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to shore.
Though distant times may rise in satire's page,
Yet chief, 'tis her's to draw the present age ; 240
With Wisdom's lustre Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past ;
Bid Britain's heroes (awful shades !) arise,
And ancient honor beam on modern vice ;
Point back, to minds ingenuous, actions fair, 245
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were :
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just ;
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust ;
When low-born sharpeners only dar'd a lie,
Or falsify'd the card, or cogg'd the die ; 250
Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honor wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the whore ;
Vice flatter'd, in the plumes of Freedom drest,
Or public spirit was the public jest.

Be ever in a just expression bold, 255
 Yet ne'er degrade fair satire to a scold ;
 Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
 But let her smile and let her frown with grace ;
 In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen,
 Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260
 Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
 Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a —.
 The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
 When wrapp'd in Irony's transparent veil :
 Her beauties half-conceal'd the more surprise, 265
 And deeper lustre sparkles in her eyes.
 Then be your line with sharp epigrams grac'd ;
 Style Clodius honorable, Rufa chaste.

Dart not on folly an indignant eye ;
 Whoe'er discharg'd artillery on a fly ? 270
 Deride not vice ; absurd the thought and vain
 To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.
 Nay more ; when flagrant crimes your laughter
 The knave exalts : to smile is to approve. (move
 The Muse's labor then success shall crown 275
 When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what measures to each theme belong
 And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song.
 On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
 And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
 Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
 Free the expression, simple be the verse ;
 In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer
 That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer ;

In strains familiar sing the midnight toil 285
 Of camps and senates disciplin'd by Hoyle ;
 Patriots and chiefs, whose deep design invades
 And carries off the captive king—of Spades !
 Let satire here in milder vigor shine,
 And gayly graceful sport along the line ; 290
 Bid courtly Fashion quit her thin pretence,
 And smile each affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue, by her guards betray'd,
 Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muse's aid ;
 When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
 Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day ; 296
 Indignant ~~they~~ ^{they} hallow'd fires,
 And white robb'd-chastity with tears retires ;
 When rank adult'ry on the genial bed,
 Hot from Corytus, rears her baleful head ; 300
 When private faith and public trust are sold,
 And traitors barter liberty for gold ;
 When fell corruption dark and deep, like fate,
 Saps the foundation of a sinking state ;
 When giant Vice and Irreligion rise, 305
 On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies :
 Then warmer numbers glow through satire's page,
 And all her smiles are darken'd into rage ;
 On eagle wings she gains Parnassus' height,
 Not lofty Epic soars a nobler flight ; 310
 Then keener indignation fires her eye ;
 Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly ;
 Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
 Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.

Yet satire oft assumes a gentler mien, 315
 And beams on virtue's friends a smile serene :
 She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
 Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
 But chief when virtue, learning, arts, decline,
 She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine ; 320
 Where bursting glorious with departing ray
 True genius gilds the close of Britain's day :
 With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
 From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart ;
 Sees Yorke to fame e'er yet to manhood known,
 And just to ev'ry virtue but his own ; 326
 Hears unstain'd Cam with gen'rous pride proclaim
 A sage's, critic's, and a poet's, name ;
 Beholds where Widcombe's happy hills ascend
 Each orphan'd art, and virtue find a friend ; 330
 To Hagley's honor'd shade directs her view,
 And calls each flow'r to form a wreath for you.
 But tread with cautious step this dang'rous ground,
 Beset with faithless precipices round :
 Truth be your guide ; disdain Ambition's call ; 335
 And if you fall with Truth you greatly fall.
 'Tis Virtue's native lustre that must shine ;
 The poet can but set it in his line ;
 And who, unmov'd with laughter, can behold
 A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold ? 340
 Let real merit then adorn your lays,
 For shame attends on prostituted praise ;
 And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
 But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by satire's law confin'd;
She yields description of the noblest kind. 346
Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line;
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates passion, pictures man. 350
And great the toil the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolsey, or a Cromwell rise;
Now, with a touch more sacred and refin'd, 355
Call forth a Chesterfield's or Lonsdale's mind.
Here sweet or strong may ev'ry color flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvass glow;
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life. 360

PART III.

THROUGH ages thus has Satire keenly shin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind;
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better age, 365
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shaft and urge their flight.
First on the sons of Greece she prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart; 370

The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew,
 With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
 And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then sportive Horace caught the gen'rous fire,
 For satire's bow resign'd the sounding lyre. 376
 Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
 And as it grew more polish'd grew more keen.
 His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
 Politely sly, cajol'd the foes of sense : 380
 He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
 But while he sported drove it to the heart.

In graver strains majestic Persius wrote,
 Big with a ripe exuberance of thought ;
 Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign, 385
 And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.

More ardent eloquence and boundless rage
 Inflame bold Juvenal's exalted page ;
 His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
 And swept audacious greatness to its doom : 390
 The headlong torrent thundering from on high
 Rent the proud rock which heav'd the sky.

But, lo ! the fatal victor of mankind,
 Sworn Luxury and pale Ruin stalks behind !
 As countless insects from the north-east pour, 395
 To blast the spring and ravage ev'ry flow'r,
 So barb'rous millions spread contagious death,
 The sick'ning laurel wither'd at their breath ;
 Deep Subversion's night the skies o'erhung,
 Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung ;

No longer genius woo'd the nine to love, 401
But dulness nodded in the Muse's grove ;
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.

At length, again fair science shot her ray, 403
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, satire! triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow.
'Tis done—See! great Erasmus breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell: 410
(In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reason urg'd by wit.

'Twas then plain Donne in honest vengeance
rose, 415

His wit harmonious, though his rhyme was prose:
He 'midst an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine sense and Roman strength of thought.

Yet scarce had satire well relum'd her flame
(With grief the Muse records her country's shame)
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence, 421
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.
Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest time shall view with just disdain ;
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line 425
Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine ;
'Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.

~~But~~ morals the court poet blush'd to sing ;
 'Twas all his praise to say ' *the oddest thing* ;' 430
 Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
 To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated Dryden ! who unmov'd can see
 Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee !
 Flames that could mount and gain their kindred
 skies, 435

Low creeping in the putrid sink of Vice ;
 A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
 The pimp of Pow'r, the prostitute to Gain ;
 Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
 To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown ; 440
 Unrival'd parts, the scorn of honest fame,
 And genius rise a monument of shame !

More happy France : immortal Boileau there
 Supported Genius with a sage's care ;
 Him with her love propitious satire blest, 445
 And breath'd her art divine into his breast ;
 Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,
 And solid judgment guides the purest fire.

But see at length, the British genius smile,
 And show'r her bounties o'er her favor'd isle : 450
 Behold, for Pope she twines the laurel crown,
 And centres ev'ry poet's pow'r in one !

~~Each~~ Roman's force adorns his various page,
 Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
 Despairing guilt and dulness loath the sight, 455
 As spectres vanish at approaching light.

In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine and boldly true :
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds, and hates her own deformity ; 460
While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joy surveys her form divine.
But, oh ! what thoughts, what numbers, shall I find
But faintly to express the poet's mind ?
Who yonder star's effulgence can display, 465
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray ?
Who paint a god unless the god inspire ?
What catch the lightning but the speed of fire ?
So, mighty Pope ! to make thy genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 470
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove,
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next to her bard majestic Wisdom came ; 475
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame ;
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe ;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale. 480
Sublimar views thy darling spirit bound ;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round ;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with Virtue's sacred store ;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart, 485
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.

Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
 And, like a meteor, while we gaze expires ;
 Wit' kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice,
 Like the blue lightning, while it shines destroys :
 But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray, 491
 Burns clear and constant, like the source of day :
 Like this its beam prolific and refin'd
 Feeds, warms, inspir its, and exalts the mind ;
 Mildly dispels each wint'ry passion's gloom, 495
 And opens all the virtues into bloom.
 This praise, immortal Pope ! to thee be giv'n ;
 Thy genius was indeed a gift from Heav'n.
 Hail, Bard unequall'd ! in whose deathless line
 Reason and wit with strength collected shine ; 500
 Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
 Lost, nobly lost, in truth's superior blaze.
 Did friendship e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse ?
 That friendship sure may plead the great excuse ;
 That sacred friendship which inspir'd thy song, 505
 Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.
 Error like this ev'n truth can scarce reprove ;
 'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.
 Ye deathless names ! ye sons of endless praise !
 By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays ! 510
 Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
 Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire ?
 Or if, O Warburton ! inspir'd by you,
 The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
 By you inspir'd on trembling pinions soar, 515
 The sacred founts of social bliss explore,

In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid her country's glory fire her page ;—
If such her fate, do thou, fair Truth ! descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end ; 520
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To ~~court~~ no friend, nor own a foe, but thine.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, ~~to~~ run the maze of wit,
If her apostate heart should e'er incline 525
To offer incense at corruption's shrine ;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking censer to the ground !
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed ~~hands~~ may see—
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy. 530

AN ESSAY ON MAN :

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) 'come home to men's business and humors,' I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract—his Nature and his State ; since to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points : there are not many certain truths in this world. It is, therefore, in the anatomy of the mind, as in that of the body : more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever

THE DESIGN.

escape our observation. The disputes upon these last; and, I will venture, they have less sharpened the wits, than the of men against each other, and have dimmed the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect system of Ethics. This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious;—that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but it is true;—I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their brevity. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail without becoming dry and tedious, or more poetically without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

THE DESIGN.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular parts to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow ; consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical Ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage : to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

The Argument.

OF Man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, v. 17, &c. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, v. 33, &c. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and, partly, upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, v. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, v. 113, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural, v. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, v. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason, that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, v. 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us, were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed, v. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride, of such a desire, v. 259. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, v. 281, &c. to the end.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things,
To low ambition and the pride of kings.

us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die)
 Let's be free o'er all this scene of Man ; 5
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
 A wilderness where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous
 shoot.

Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the coverts yield; 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can, 15
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
Through worlds unnumber'd though the Gods be
known.

'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs, 25
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies, 30

Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst
thou find 35

Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

Ask of thy mother Earth why oaks are made

Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade? 40

Or ask of yonder argent fields above

Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess

That Wisdom infinite must form the best,

Where all must full or not coherent be, 45

And all that rises rise in due degree;

Then in the scale of reas'ning life 'tis plain

There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;

And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this, If God has plac'd him wrong? 50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call

May, must be right, as relative to all.

In human works, though labor'd on with pain,

A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:

In God's, one single can its end produce, 55

Yet serves to second too some other use.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,

Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown;

Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal :
 That's but a part we see, and not a whole. 60
 Then the proud steed shall know why man re-
 tains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god ;
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
 His actions', passions', beings', use and end ;
 Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
 Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought : 70
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place,
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here, or there ?
 The bless'd to-day is as completely so, 75
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book
 of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits
 know ;
 Or who could suffer being here below ? 80
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

Oh ! blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n ;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,
 Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope so be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast : 95
 Man never is but always to be blest.
 The soul (uneasy and confin'd) from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ; 100
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
 Some happier island in the wat'ry-waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire,—
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ; 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;

~~What~~ imperfection what thou fancy'st such ; 115
 Say, where he gives too little, there too much ;
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry—'If Man's unhappy, God's unjust.
 If man *alone* engross not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there,— 120
 Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
 Rejudge His justice, be the god of GOD.
 In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes, 125
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels men rebel ;
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of Order, ~~sets against the~~ ETERNAL CAUSE. 130
 V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,—
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, ' 'Tis for
 ' mine :
 ' For me, kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
 ' Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;
 ' Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew 135
 ' The juice nectareous and the balmy dew ;
 ' For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
 ' For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;
 ' Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
 ' My footstool earth, my canopy the skies ;' 140
 But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,

When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests
sweep

Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?

' No, 'tis reply'd ; ' the first almighty Cause 145

' Acts not by partial but by gen'ral laws ;

' Th' exceptions few ; some change since all began ;

' And what created perfect ? '—Why then man ?

If the great end be human happiness,

Then Nature deviates ; and can man do less ? 150

As much that end a constant course requires

Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's desires ;

As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,

As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,

Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ? 155

Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning
forms,

Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms ;

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind, 159

Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs ;

Account for moral as for nat'ral things :

Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit ?

In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165

Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;

That never air or ocean felt the wind,

That never passion discompos'd the mind.

But all subsists by elemental strife ;

And passions are the elements of life. 170

~~The~~ general order, since the world began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will
he soar,

And, little less than angel, would be more ;
Now, ~~looking~~ downwards, just as griev'd appears, 175
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.

Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all ?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ; 180

Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to their state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate ;
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own : 185
In Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ?

Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all ?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond Mankind ; 190
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not Man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say for what use were finer optics giv'n, 195
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ?

Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass! 210
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam?
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green?
Of hearing from the life that fills the flood 215
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line;
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,
From^h pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew! 220
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how ally'd! 225
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!

~~Without this~~ just gradation could they be
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee? 230
 The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

VIII. See through this air, this ocean, and this
 earth,

All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
 Above, how high progressive life may go! 235
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,
 Nature's ethereal, human, angel, Man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach; from infinite to thee; 240
 From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the whole must fall. 250
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
 Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
 And Nature tremble to the throne of God;

All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head? 260
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains 265
The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame, 270
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit—in this or any other sphere, 285
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear!

But in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see ; 290
All discord harmony not understood ;
All partial evil universal good :
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.* 294

EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

The Argument.

- I. THE business of Man not to pry into God, ~~but to study him-~~
self: his middle nature; his powers and faculties, ver. 1, to
19. The limits of his capacity, v. 19, &c. II. The two prin-
ciples of Man, self-love and reason, both necessary, v. 53, &c.
Self-love the stronger, and why, v. 67, &c. Their end the
same, v. 81, &c. III. The passions, and their use, v. 93, to
130. The predominant passion, and its force, v. 132, to 160.
Its necessity, in directing Men to different purposes, v. 165,
&c. Its providential use in fixing our principle, and ascer-
taining our virtue, v. 177. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our
mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and
evident: what is the office of Reason, v. 203, to 216. V. How
odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it,
v. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and ge-
neral good are answered in our passions and imperfections,
v. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders
of Men, v. 241; how useful they are to society, v. 351 ~~and~~
to individuals, v. 263. In every state, and every age of life,
v. 273, &c.

1. **K**NOW then thyself, presume not God to
scan :

The proper study of mankind is man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise and rudely great,

With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5

With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,

He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest ;

In doubt to deem himself a god or beast ;

In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err : 10
 Like in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little or too much :
 Chas'd of thought and passion, all confus'd ;
 Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd :
 Created half to rise and half to fall ; 15
 Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd ;
 The glory, jest, and riddle, of the world ;
 Go, wondrous creature ! mount where science
 guides ; 19
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the sun ;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first, perfect, and first fair ;
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod, 25
 And ' quitting sense ' call ' imitating God ; '
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
 Go, teach eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool ! 30
 Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.
 Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind, 35
 Describe or fix one movement of his mind ?

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
 Explain his own beginning or his end ?
 Alas ! what wonder ! Man's superior part
 Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art ;
 But when his own great work is but begun,
 What Reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide ;
 First strip off all her equipage of pride ;
 Deduct what is but vanity or dress, 45
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness ;
 Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts ; 50
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come—

II. Two principles in human nature reign,
 Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain ;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55
 Each works its end, to move and govern all ;
 And to their proper operation still
 Ascribe all good ; to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end ;
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
 Or meteor-like, flame lawless through the void, 65
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;
 Active to ask, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Deliberate and quiet the comparing lies,
 But to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70
 Self-love, still stronger, as its object's nigh,
 Reason, at distance, and in prospects lie :
 That sees immediate good by present sense ;
 Reason the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments temptations throng ; 75
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to reason still attend.
 Attention, habit and experience gains ; 79
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite ;
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name, 85
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
 Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
 But greedy that its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r : 90
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may
 call ;

'Tis real good or seeming moves them all :

But since not ev'ry good we can divide, 95
 And reason bids us for our own provide,
 Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
 List under Reason, and deserve her care;
 Those that imparted court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtuous name.

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast 101
 Their virtue fix'd; tis fix'd as in a frost;
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul; 105
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
 Nor God alone in the still calm we find, 109
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
 Yet mix'd and soften'd in his work unite:
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
 But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road; 115
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
 Those mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind: 120
 The light and shades whose well accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and color of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
 And when in act they cease in prospect rise;

Past to grasp, and future still to find; 125

Whose employ of body and of mind.

Approach their charms, but charm not all alike:

Different senses diff'rent objects strike.

Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,

As strong, or weak, the organs of the frame; 130

And hence one master-passion in the breast,

Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,

Receives the lurking principle of death;

The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135

Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength;

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,

The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;

Each vital humor which should feed the whole,

Soon flows to this in body and in soul; 140

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,

As the mind opens and its functions spread,

Imagination piles her dangerous art,

And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit its nurse; 145

Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;

Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,

As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,

In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey: 150

Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,

What can she more than tell us we are fools?

Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,

A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!

Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade 160
 The choice we make, or justify it made;
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong.
 So when small humors gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 165

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
 Reason is here no guide; but still a guard:
 'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
 A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends, 165
 And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease, 170
 Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n life's expence,
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride;
 All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' eternal Art, educing good from ill, 175
 Grafts on this passion our best principle;
 'Tis thus the mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care
 On savage stocks inserted learn to bear,
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.

What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
 Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ; 190
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
 Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
 But what will grow on pride or grow on shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
 The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd : 196
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill ;
 And Nero reigns a Titus if he will ;
 The fiery soul abhorr'd in Cautine,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine : 200
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And make a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide ? the God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce ; 205
 In Man they join to some mysterious use :
 Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
 As in some well-wrought picture light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
 Where ends the virtue or begins the vice. 210

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That vice or virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?

Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ; 218
'Tis to mistake them, costs the right and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
But where the extremes of vice was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the north ? At York, 'tis on the Tweed ;
In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
But thinks his neighbor further gone than he ;
Ea'n those who dwell beneath its very zone
Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree :
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ; 235
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still :
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ;
But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole :
That counterworks each folly and caprice ,
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice ; 240
That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
'To kings presumption, and to crowds belief :

That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward, but praise ;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.

To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests, to resign ;
Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n, 265
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd ; the poet in his Muse. 270

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend ;
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply :
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law 275
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw ;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite ;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage, 279
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age ;
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before ;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supply'd, 283
And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ; 290
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others want by thine.
See ! and confess one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this, Though Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

The Argument.

I. The whole universe one system of society, v. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, v. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, v. 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, v. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, v. 99. III. How far society is carried by instinct, v. 121; how much farther by reason, v. 122. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, v. 147. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, v. 164; and in the forms of society, v. 176. V. Origin of political societies, v. 199; origin of monarchy, v. 207; Patriarchal government, v. 212. VI. Origin of true religion and government from the same principle, of love, v. 215, &c.; origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle, of fear, v. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, v. 266. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, v. 285. Mixed government, v. 298. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, v. 300, &c.

HERE then we rest: 'The Universal Cause
'Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.'
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day; 5
But must be present, if we preach or pray.
I. Look round our world, behold the chain of
Combining all below, and all above. [love
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend, 10

Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbor to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good:
See dying vegetables life sustain, 15.
See life dissolving vegetate again.
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die,)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole,
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;
Made beast in mid of Man, and Man of beast,
All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ; 25
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy
good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn : 30
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.

Reap the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving stock 40
 The ~~dog~~ that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labors of this Lord of all.

* Know, Nature's children all divide her care :
 The far that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear. 44
 While man exclaims, ' See all things for my use !'
 ' See Man for mine !' replies a pamper'd goose.
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'ful still the weak control ;
 Be Man the wit and tyrant of the whole ; 50
 Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smut with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ? 55
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?

~~Man~~ ~~acts~~ for all : to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride : 60
 All fed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest ;
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favor'd Man by touch ethereal stain.

The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou, too, ~~must~~ perish, when thy feast is o'er ! 70

To each, ~~unthinking~~ being Heav'n, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
To Man imparts it, but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too ;
The hour conceal'd, and so tempts the soul, 75
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle ! that Heav'n's design'd
Is only ~~thinking~~ thing this turn of mind.

IT. Whether with reason or with instinct best,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best :
To bliss alike by that direction tend, 81
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside ?
Reason however able, cool at best, 85
Cares not for service, or but serves when press'd,
Stays till we call, and then not often near,
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,
While still too wide or short is human wit ; 90
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labors at in vain.
This, too, serves always, reason never long ;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs 95
One in *their* nature, which are two in ours ;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

taught the nations of the field and wood
 Their poison, and to chuse their food?
 Who taught the tides or tempests to withstand, 101
 To bow on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?

Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line? ,
 Who bid the stork, Columbus like, explore 105
 Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day;
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God in the nature of each being founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds; 110
 But as he fram'd the whole, the whole to bless,
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness;
 So from the first eternal Order ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
 Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps, 115
 Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the
 deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
 Nor ends the intercourse with the fierce embrace:
 I hear love's sacred rites a third time in their race.
 Their parents, and their common charge attend,
 Their mothers nurse it, and the sires defend; 126

The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care ;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130

A longer care Man's helpless kind demands ;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the int'rest and the love ;
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ; 135
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits, rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.

Still as one bud, and as another rose,
 These nat'rs maintain'd, habitus those : 140
 The last, scar'd open'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ; 145
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
 Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly
 trod ;

The state of Nature was the reign of God :
 Self-love and social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of man. 150
 Pride then was not, nor arts that pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade,
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed ;

In the temple, the resounding wood, 155
 All things hymn'd their equal God ;
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest ;
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :

Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
 And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare. 160

Ah ! how unlike the Man of times to come !

Of half that live the butcher and the tomb :

Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,

Murders their species, and betrays his own.

But just disease to luxury, 165

And ev'ry death an avenger breeds ;

The fury-passion from that blood began,

And turn'd on Man a fiercer serpent than.

See from nature rising such a part !

To copy instinct then was Reason's part ; 170

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—

From the creatures thy instructions take :

Learn from the birds what fond the thickets yield ;

Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;

Thy arts of building from the bee receive ; 175

Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,

Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

Here, too, all forms of social union, find,

And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind.

Here subterranean works and cities see ; 181

There towns aerial on the waving tree.

Learn each small people's genius, policies,

The ant's republic, and the realm of bees ;

' How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 ' And anarchy without confusion know ; 186
 ' And these for ever though a monarch reign,
 ' Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
 ' Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
 ' Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as fate. 190
 ' In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 ' Entangle Justice in her net of law,
 ' And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
 ' Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 ' Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 ' Thus let the wiser make the ~~more~~ obey ; 196
 ' And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 ' Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd.'

V. Great Nature spoke ; observant Man obey'd ;
 Cities were built, societies were made. 200
 Here rose one little state ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd through love or
 fear.

Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
 What war could ravish commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend who came a foe. 206
 Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was liberty, and Nature law.
 Thus states were form'd, the name of King un-
 known,
 Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210
 'Twas virtue only, (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)

Which in a sire the sons obey'd,
 Since the father of a people made.

1. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patri-
 arch sat 215

King, priest, and parent, of his growing state ;

On him, their second Providence, they hung,

Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,

Taught to command the fire, control the flood, 220

Draw forth the monsters from the abyss profound,

Or fetch the aerial eagle to the ground ;

Till dropping, dying, they began,

Whom they ador'd as God to mourn as Man :

Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd 225

One great first Father, and that first ador'd.

On plain tradition that this All begun,

Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son ;

The worker from the work distinct was known,

And simple reason never sought but one. 230

Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,

Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;

To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,

And own'd a Father, when he own'd a God.

Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ; 235

For Nature knew no right divine in Men ;

No ill could fear in God ; and understood

A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.

True faith, true policy, united ran ;

That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms un-
done,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one ?
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause ?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, ~~low~~;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe, 245
Then shai'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conq'rors, slaves of subjects, made :
She 'midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground, 250
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they ;
She from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise ; 254
Herr fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes ;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust ;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide, 261
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore ;
Then first the Flamen tasted living food, 265
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world be-
And play'd the god an engine on his foe. [low,

Drives self-love through just and through unjust,
 One man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust : 270
 The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
 How shall he keep what, sleeping, or awake, 275
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
 His safety must his liberty restrain :
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
 E'en kings learn'd justice and benevolence : 280
 Self-love, forsooth the path it first pursu'd,
 And taught him private in the public good.
 Thus from the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Of God, or friend of human-kind,
 Hero or patriot, rose but to restore 285
 The faith and moral, Nature gave before ;
 Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new ;
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew ;
 Taught pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings ;
 The less, or greater, set so justly true, 291
 That touching one must strike the other too ;
 'Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things ; 296
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
 made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade ;

More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And in proportion as it blesses blest ; 304
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man,*or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ; 305
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity :

All must be false that thwart this one great end ;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun ;
So two consistent motions act the soul, 315
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

'Tis God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade *self-love* and *social* *life* the same. 318

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

The Argument.

I FALSE notions of happiness philosophical and popular answered, from v 19 to 32. II. It is the end of all Men, and attainable by all, v 32. God intends happiness to be equal, and, to be so, it must be general, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, &c. As it is necessary for order and the peace and security of society, that external goods should be unequal, v 33. v 34. v 35. v 36. v 37. v 38. v 39. v 40. v 41. v 42. v 43. v 44. v 45. v 46. v 47. v 48. v 49. v 50. v 51. but, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence by the two passions of hope and fear, v 70. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good Man has here the advantage, v 77 The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, v 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favor of particulars, v 121 V That we are not judges who are good, but that whoever they are, they must be happiest. v 131, &c. VI That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with or destructive of virtue, v 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue instanced in Riches, v 185 Honors, v 193 Nobility, v 205 Greatness, v 217 Fame, v 227 Superior talents, v 239, &c. with pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all, v 269, &c. VII That virtue only constitutes a happiness whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, v 309, &c. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and resignation to it here and hereafter, v. 327, &c.

On Happiness ! our being's end and aim !
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content ! whate'er thy name ;
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die ;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise,
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropp'd below,
 Say in what mortal soil thou dost grow ?
 Fair op'ning to ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~soil's~~ ^{soil's} proper shine,
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine ? 10
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain
 our toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where ;
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with
 thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way ? the learn'd are
 blind :

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ; 20
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these ;
 Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;
 Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain !
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, 25
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, That ~~happiness~~ ^{happiness} is happiness ?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave ;
 All ~~states~~ ^{states} can reach it, and all heads conceive ; 30

Of private goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
 They think but thinking right, and meaning well :
 And assign our various portions as we please,
 Equal to all, in peace and common ease.

Remember, Man, the Universal cause 35

' Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;'
 And makes what Happiness we justly call,
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

There's not a blessing individuals find,
 But some way leans and harkens to the kind ; 40

No bandit fierce, no thief and with pride,

No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisf'd,

Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,

None an admirer, or would fix a friend.

Abstract what others feel what others think, 45

All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :

Each has his share ; and who would more obtain,

Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heav'n's first law ; and, this confess,

Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, 50

More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence,

That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,

If all are equal in their happiness ;

But mutual wants this happiness increase ; 55

All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance, is no more thing :

Bliss is the same, in subject or in king ;

In who obtain defence, or who defend,

In him who is on him who finds a friend. 60

Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.

But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,
And each were equal, must not all possess ?
If then to all Men happiness was meant, 65
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear :
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse, 71
But future views of better or of worse.

Oh Sons of Earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature mean to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But health consists with temperance alone ; 81
And peace, Oh, Virtue ! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain ;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or
right ?

Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?

~~Grant~~ all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains ; 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,
 And they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe ! [below,
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest, 96
 But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just !
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust ! 100
 See Sidley bleeds amid the martial strife !
 Was this their virtue or contempt of life ?
 Say, was it virtue, that through Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented Dugly ! sunk thee to the grave ?

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire, 105
 Why, full of days and honor, lives the sire ?
 Why, drew Marsilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death ?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)

Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me ? 110

What makes all physical or moral ill ?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
 God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115

Short and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

As that the virtuous son is still at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal
Cause
Prono for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest, 125
Oh blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high?
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple nodding to its fall,
For *Chartres*' head reserve the hanging wall? 130
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not—A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be;
But first consider how these just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of Hell:
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries 'There is,' and that 'There is no God.'
What shocks one part will edify the rest; 141
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true, 145
Was made for *Cæsar*—but for *Titus* too;

And which more bless'd? who chain'd his coun-
try say,

Or whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

' But sometime virtue starves, while vice is fed.'

What then? is the reward of virtue bread? 150

That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;

The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,

Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er;

' No—shall the good want health, the good want
pow'r?

And health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing;

' Why bound'd pow'r? why private? why no king?'

Nay, why eternal for internal giv'n? 161

Why is Man a god, and earth a heav'n?

Who can reason thus, will scarce conceive

God gives enough, while he has more to give:

Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;

At what part of Nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,

The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix,

Then give Humility a coach and six, 170

Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,

Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown,

Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there

With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

The Boy and Man an individual makes, 17
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog thy bottle and thy wife;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind: 180
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing.
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give reputation or trust, 185
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh! fool to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind, 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
 Honor and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
 Fortune in Men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade; 195
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd,
 'What differ more (you cry) than crown and
 'cowl?'
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool. 200
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or cobbler-like the parson will be drunk,

Want not the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with
strings, 205

That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :

But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go ! if your ancient, but ignoble, 211

Has crept through scoundrels, and the flood,
Go ! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers, have been fools so long.

What can ennobles, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards. 216

Look next, on Greatness ; say where greatness
lives ?

' Where, but among the heroes and the wise ?'
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ; 220
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind !

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise ; 225

All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes :
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great : 230

Who wickedly 'is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's Fame? a fancy'd life in other's breath;
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death:
Just what you hear you have; and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's or our own. 240
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends:
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead:
Alike or when, or where, they shone or shine, 245
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave; 250
When what t' oblivion better where resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas; 256
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260

'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see our faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand. 266
Painful pre-eminence! yourself in view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount;
How much of other each is true to cost; 271
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is sold, and always ease.
Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
Must they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yon dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 280
If pleasures allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind;
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
Hail, united, thy ambition call, 285
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all:
There in the rich, the honor'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray. 290

Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose ;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero sunk the Man :
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchange'd for gold ;
They ~~perish~~ them broke with toils, or sunk in case,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh ! wealth ill fated ! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame !
What greater bliss attends their close of life ? 301
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd archer, ~~quarry'd~~ hulla invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas ! not dazzled with their noontide ray, 305
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day ;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame !
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
' Virtue alone is happiness below.' 310
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without they fall to ill ;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives ;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
And if it lose, attended with no pain ;
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd ;
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears ; 320

Good from each object, from each place, acquir'd;
 For ever increas'd yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can
 know ;

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no party's road, 331
 But looks through Nature up to Nature's God ;
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know, 335
 But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, firm purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in love of God, and love of Man. 340

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
 Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfid'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown :
 (Nature whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)

Wise is her present : she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ; 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart ? 355
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part ;
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence :
 Happier ~~as~~ kinder, in what'er degree, ~~and~~
 And height of bliss but height of charity. 360

God loves from ~~the whole to parts~~ ~~the whole~~ the human soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, 365
 Another still, and still another spreads ;
 Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace ;
 His country next ; and next all human race ;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ; 370
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend ! my Genius ! come along ;
 Oh master of the poet, and the song !
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends, 376
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;

Form'd by thy converse happily to steer,
 From glave to gay, from lively to severe ; 380
 Correct to bold, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to teach, or polite to please.
 Oh ! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded lies, and gathers all its fame ;
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, 385
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blish their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this Verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ? 390
 That, urg'd by thee, I suspend my careful art
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light :
 Shew'd ~~erring~~ *pride*. *Whatever is, is right ;*
 That ~~reason~~ *passion*, answer one great aim ; 395
 That ~~true~~ *self-love* and *social* are the same ;
 That ~~happinefs~~ *only* makes our bliss below ;
 And ~~all~~ *our knowledge is ourselves to know.* 398

THE
UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX. PARAPHRASE

It may be proper to observe, that some passages in the preceding Essay, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, the Author composed this prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in free will, and terminated in piety:—that the first cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the Universe as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to this paraphrase.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, That thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Let free the human will.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Conscience dictates to be done,
Conscience me not to do,
Hell is more than hell to shun,
Hell more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let not be cast away :
What is paid when Man receives,
To enjoy, is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone,
When thousand worlds are sound.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Press Thy bolts to throw,
And send damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh ! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught, Thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see :

That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by Thy breath ;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death !

This day, be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all Being raise !
All Nature's incense rise !

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

[Written in the Year 1709.]

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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I.

"T is hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill ;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense :
Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose ;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
Is poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others, who themselves excel, 15
And censure freely, who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find,
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind. 20
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
right ;

But as the slighted sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-coloring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd: 25 }

Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools;
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defence;
 Each burns alike who can, or cannot write, 30
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets, past, 36
 Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd wittings, num'rous in our isle. 40
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal;
 To tell them would an hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might an hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits set,
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretermit wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean rains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55

While the soul while memory prevails,
 And pow'r of understanding fails;
 Streams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit,

60

So vast is art, so narrow human wit :
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
 Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more :
 Each might his servile province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :
 Uncraving Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp pre-

sides :
75

In some fair body thus th' informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigor fills, the whole :
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains,
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
 Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
 Want as much more to turn it to its use :
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muses' steed,
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed : 85
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those Rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd :
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd 90
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights ;
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod ; 95
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them, what they deriv'd from Heav'n ;
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire, 100
And taught the world with reason to admire. *
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
'To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd ;
But following wits, from that intention stray'd ;
Who could not with the mistress, woo'd the maid ;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd, 106
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd ;
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part ;
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they ;

Come dryly plain, without invention's aid,
 And show the dull receipts how poems may be made ; 115
 Leave the sense, their learning to display,
 Whose explain the meaning quite away.
 You then whose judgment the right course would
 steer,
 Know well each Ancient's proper character ;
 His fable, subjects, scope in ev'ry page ; 120
 Religion, country, genius of his age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night ; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 bring,
 And trace the fables to their spring.
 Still with your comment best peruse ;
 And learn to comment like the Mantuan Muse.
 Yet that young Maro in his boundless mind,
 Outlast immortal Rome design'd, 131
 He seem'd above the critic's law,
 Not but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw ;
 But when t' examine every part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same 135
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold
 And rules as strict his labor'd work
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem :
 To copy Nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.
 Music resembles poetry; in each
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end,)
 Some lucky license answer to the full
 Th' intent propos'd, that license is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track.
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, 155
 Which, without passing through the judgment,
 gains

The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes
 Which out of Nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. 160
 But though the Ancients thus their rules invade,
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made,)
 Moderns beware! or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165
 And have at least their precedent to plead:
 The critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

These are to whose presumptuous thoughts
 These faults, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170
 Some monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
 Which disproportion'd to their light or place,
 But nature reconciles to form and grace.
 The prudent chief not always must display, 175
 His powers, in equal ranks, and fair array ;
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, may seem sometimes to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it *Homer* nods, but *we* that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;
 Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive war, and all inveterate
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear in all tongues their prais'ing pæans ring ! 186
 In praise so just, let every voice be join'd,
 And fill the universal chorus of mankind.
 Hail, *Marble* ! born in happier days ;
 Immortal fane of universal praise ! 190
 When nations with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !
 O may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
 The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)

To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own ' 200

PART II.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205
She gives in large recruits of needless pride
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense , 210
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself , but, your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A little learning is a dang'rous thing , 215
Drink deep, or taste not the Piccian spring :
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth, we tempt the heights of arts, 220
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind :

But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise,
~~New~~ distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
 But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labors of the lengthen'd way; 230
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ;
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find 235
 Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays, as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That spinning faults, one quiet tenor keep,
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.

In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not the exactness of peculiar parts:
 'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n shine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear;
 The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's end, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intend ;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors must the less commit ;
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays, 261
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part :
 They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice

Once on a time, la Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage ; 270
 Concluding ill were desp'rate sots and fools
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our Author, happy in a judge so met,
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice ;
 Made him observe the subject and the plot, 275
 The manners, passions, unities, wh' 'not ?
 " All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 " Were but a combat in the lists left out "
 " What ' leave the combat out ? " exclaims the
 Knight
 " Yes, or we must renounce the Stagite." 280

• Not so, my Heav'n !' (he answers in a rage)
 • Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage.'

" So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain."

• Then build a new, or act it on a plain.'

Thus crines of less judgment than caprice, 285

Curious, ~~and~~ knowing, not exact, but nice,

Form short ideas, and offend in arts

(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to Concert alone their taste confine, 289

And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line ;

Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,

One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace

The naked nature and the living grace,

With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part, 295

And hide with ornaments their want of art.

True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd ;

What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;

Something whose truth, convinc'd at sight, we find,

That gives us back the image of the mind. 300

As shades more sweetly recommend the light,

So modest plainness sets off spightly wit :

For works may have more wit than does them good,

As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for Language all their cares express,

And value books, as women men, for dress ; 306

Their praise is still—' The style is excellent ;'

The sense, they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colors spreads on ev'ry place,
 The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay; 314
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent as more suitable.
 A vile conceit, in pompous words express'd, 320
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
 For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
 As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere Moderns in their sense;
 Such labor'd nothings, in so strange a style, 326
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unluckily as Jungoso in the play,
 These sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; 330
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandees in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:

In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ; 340
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire, 345

While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line ;
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes : 349

Where'er you find the ' cooling western breeze,'
 In the next line, it ' whispers through the trees,'
 If crystal streams, ' with pleasing murmurs creep,'
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) ' with sleep :'
 Then, at the last and only couplet, ~~frantic~~

With some unmeaning thing they call ~~an~~ ~~thought~~
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 356
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and
 know

What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigor of a line, 360
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness
 join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance ;
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense. 365

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
The ancients only or the moderns prize. 395

Thus, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To ~~some~~ small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Many they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed, 400
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes,
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlightens the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days. 405

Require not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town,
They reason and conclude by ~~prejudice~~, 410
And own stale nonsense which they never invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not ~~works~~, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.

Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quillity ; 415
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What wou'd stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hickney sonneteer, or me !

But let a lord once own the happy lines, 420
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The vulgas thus through imitation err,
 As oft the learn'd by being singular ; 425
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
 So schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night ;
 But always think the last opinion right. 431
 A muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd ;
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still, they say ;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day. 437
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once school divines this zealous isle o'erspread ;
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read : 441
 Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted.
 Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane. 445
 If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in wit should take their turn ?
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit ;
 And authors think their reputation safe 450
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
 Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind :

Fondly we think we honor merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455
 Partisanship wit attend on those of state,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose
 In various shapes of passions, critics, beaux;
 But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past:
 For rising merit will buoy up at last. 461
 Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise;
 Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465
 Envy will *Merit*, as its shade, pursue,
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true;
 For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays,
 It draws up vapors which obscure its rays; 471
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first, true merit to befriend:
 His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes, 476
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years:
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost, 480
 And bare threescore is all ev'n *that* can boast;
 Our sons then fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

So when the faithful pencil has design'd,
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colors soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live; 491
The treach'rous colors the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings; 495
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost;
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy; 501
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
ease,

Sure some to vex, but never all to please; 505
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah! let not learning too commence its foe.
Of old those met rewards, who could excel, 510
And such were prais'd who but endeavor'd well:

Though triumphs were to gen'ral only due,
 Wits were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules, 516
 Contending wits become the sport of fools;
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways, 520
 Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise?
 Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;
 To err is human, to forgive divine. 525

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.

No pardon vile *obscenity* should find, 530
 Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large in-
 crease;

When love was all an easy monarch's care, 536
 Seldom at council, never in a war;
 He rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
 Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit;

The fair sat panting at a courtier's play, 540
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away ;
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The foll'wing licence of a foreign reign
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ; 545
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their right dis-
 pute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare, 550
 And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there !
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, Critics ! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice, 555
 Will needs mistake an author into vice :
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. 559

PART III.

LEARN then what morals critics ought to show,
 For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join ;
 In all you speak, let truth and candor shine ;
 That not alone what to your sense is due
 All may allow, but seek your friendship too. 563

Be silent always, ~~when~~ you doubt your sense ;
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence :
 Some positive, perceiving, ~~fops~~ we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so ;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past, 570
 And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true :
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
 Without good-breeding truth is disapprov'd ; 576
 That only makes superior sense belov'd

Be miggards of advice on no pretence,
 For the worst avance is that of sense.
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust. 581
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take ;
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 586
 And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
 Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
 Fear most to tax an honorable fool,
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull :
 Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
 As without learning they can take degrees. 591
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators, [more
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

Part III. **ESSAY ON CRITICISM.**

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain, 596
And charitably let the dull be vain :
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write ? 599
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew their race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impudently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old, 605
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !
Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too. 611
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears : 615
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales :
With him most authors steal their works, or buy ;
Garth did not write his own dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend ; 620
Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets
mend ?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's Church more safe than Paul's Church-
yard :

~~They~~ altars, there they'll talk you dead ;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. 625
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes ;
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide. 630
 But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to reach, and yet not proud to know ?
 Unbiass'd, or by favor, or by spite,
 Not duly prepossess'd, nor blindly right ;
 Though learn'd, well-bred, and though well-bred,
 sincere ; 635

Modestly bold, and humanly severe ;
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?
 Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfi'd,
 A knowledge both of books and human-kind ; 640
 Gen'rous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side ?
 Such ~~one~~ were Critics ; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore, 645
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore ;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
 Poets, a race long unconfi'd, and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
 Receiv'd his laws ; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er wit.

Part III. ESSAY ON CRITICISM

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense ;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey, 665
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ, [fire ;
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with
His precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm ;
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
And call new beauties forth from every line !

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd 670
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace ;
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thrice, bold Longinus ! all the Nile inspire, 675
And bless their critic with a poet's fire :
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself the great Sublim' he draws. 680

Thus long succeeding critics justly reas'nd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd ;

Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
 And arts follow'd where her eagles flew ; 684
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
 With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind ;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good ; 690
 A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
 (The glory of the priesthood, and the shame !)
 Stemm'd the whole torrent of a barbarous age, 695
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see ! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays ;
 Rome's ancient Genius o'er his ruins spread, 699
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
 Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive ;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung ;
 Immortal Vida ! on whose honor'd brow, 705
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow ;
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame ! 708

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd ;
 Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 But critic learning flourish'd most in France :

Part III. **ESSAY ON CRITICISM.**

The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys ;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd, 714
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd ;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few,
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse whose rules and practice tell,
Nature's chief master-piece, is writing well.
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood ; 724
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend ; 730
To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented Shade ! receive ;
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give : 734
The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries ;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew ; 740

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. *Part III.*

Freeless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend , 743
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

END OF VOL. II.

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